Volume LXXXVIII No. 21 September 20, 1968 35 cents

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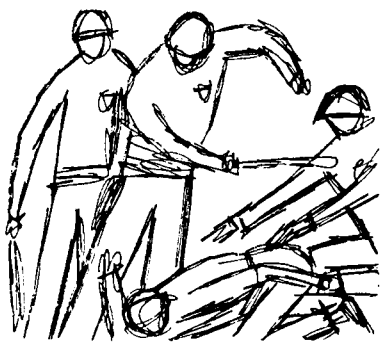

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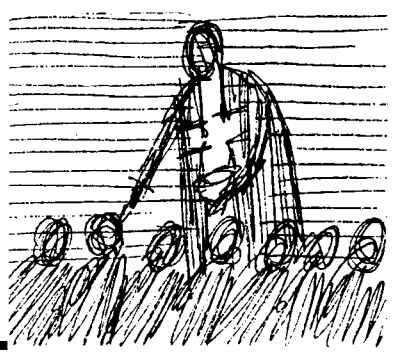

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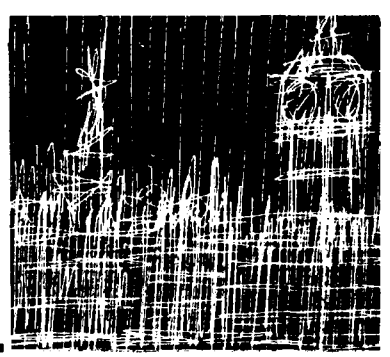

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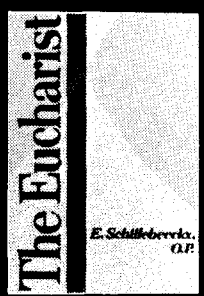

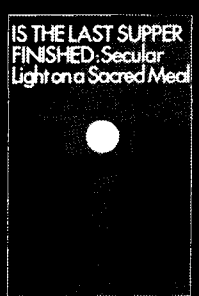

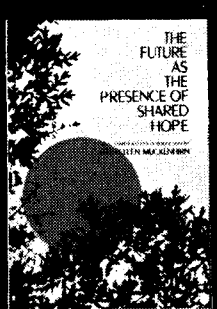

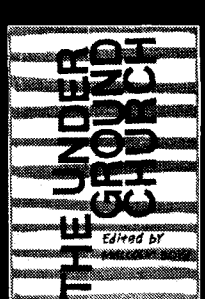

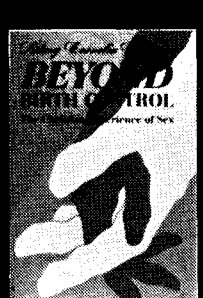

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NEWS AND VIEWS

There might be peace talks in Paris, but the war goes on in Vietnam and the slaughter of the innocents continues. In the first five months of this year, civilian casualties in South Vietnam almost equaled the number of South Vietnamese wounded in all of 1967. Which means that if casualties continue at their present rate, the toll at the end of the year will be double '67's. Before Tet, civilian casualties were running between 150,000 and 200,000 a year.

One crying crime of this carnage is the failure of the U.S. and of the South Vietnamese government to come to grips with the question of care of the injured. A new Senate Subcommittee report on the state of Vietnamese public health programs lays the fault on the U.S. doorstep:

"We have allowed thousands upon thousands of South Vietnamese to remain for years without artificial limbs when U.S. know-how and technology could cut the average waiting time for fitting of these limbs from years to months. We have allowed hospitals to exist for the civilian injured which have neither water, nor electricity, nor supplies, nor in many cases competent medical personnel. The subcommittee cannot account for our relative inaction in the medical field and certainly cannot condone it."

The Senate Subcommittee confirmed every scandalous detail of Vietnamese civilian hospital conditions reported time and again by peace people, and swept aside by apologists for the war. Its report cited two and three patients to a bed, rats moving in all directions, mounds of human excrement by the walls of hospital wards, overflowing garbage cans, and widespread pilfering of medicine for sale on the black market.

The U.S. military command in Vietnam proclaims its concern, of course, and several months ago was calling attention to three hospitals being built for the care of the civilian wounded. But it's again the old story of civilian casualties be damned. *U.S. Medicine* has revealed that these three hospitals will now be used "essentially for the care of American military patients."

•

Pope Paul not only disowned *Populorum Progressio* when he went to Bogota and condemned revolutionary activity as an instrument for social change, but he also undercut the General Conference of Latin American Bishops, which convened on his departure. Emasculated, therefore, were most ideas with any hint of radicalism, such as the following:

"A tiny minority, about 2 or 3 percent of the population, receives the great part of Latin America's income. This group has concentrated agricultural property and the sources of industrial production, while the great masses have a minimum income and are subject to the constant peril of unemployment.

"A lack of technical development, blind oligarchic classes and foreign big business block necessary reforms and offer active resistance to everything that could work against their interests, and, in consequence, create a situation of violence.

"The alternatives are not status quo and change. Rather they are violent change and peaceful change."

•

It is difficult to believe that McCarthy supporters at the convention were really so "dazed" as the press reported over the interview with editors of the Knight newspaper chain, in which Eugene McCarthy "conceded" the presidential nomination to Hubert Humphrey in the crucial days before the balloting.

The record was clear well before Chicago that McCarthy was under no delusions about his chances. A week before the convention, McCarthy minimized his prospects in an interview with the London *Express*. And back on Aug. 13, *New York Times'* Homer Bigart reported McCarthy saying in St. Louis "that he *still* expected a Humphrey victory on the first ballot."

The comment in St. Louis rated no more than passing reference in the seventh paragraph of a story headlined: "McCarthy Might Back 4th Party/If It Could Draw 20% of the Vote." The story was buried on page 26.

All of which proves not, as some like to claim, that McCarthy was a defeatist —or that he was a pessimist, though he certainly had much to be pessimistic about. It only indicates McCarthy was a realist. That realism and his essential forthrightness would, of course, keep him from playing games of political bluff. Nelson Rockefeller, as scores before him, played the optimism bluff in Miami and ended up looking as silly as McCarthy would have, had he attempted the ploy in Chicago. McCarthy spared himself one embarrassment at least.

But there was that greater embarrassment—the McCarthy response to the fate of Czechoslovakia. Despite all the glossaria, it is impossible to believe that the shallowness of that reaction does not embarrass McCarthy in retrospect, fully as much as it embarrassed his flabbergasted supporters instantly upon release. It was a shocker.

The only thing that gives the McCarthy reaction explanation is the despair out of which it undoubtedly rose. For the densest political hack knew the second word was out of Prague about the Russian invasion that the peace cause was lost in Chicago. You can bet that McCarthy knew it too as he prepared his statement. He was as dead as Harold Stassen.

Whatever, after Czechoslovakia it was all downhill for McCarthy. It had been a wonderful, inspiring challenge, but the finish was stumbling and inglorious.

However, not nearly so inglorious as what the Democratic Party wrought: Hubert Humphrey. Good grief!

In the wee hours after Humphrey's nomination, Allard Lowenstein said to an NBC reporter: "I would have thought a couple of years ago that Richard Nixon couldn't beat Arthur Goldberg for mayor of Cairo."

But he can beat Humphrey.

And if that thought doesn't chill you, think of Humphrey winning.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Melville Story

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I appreciated the kind words of Doctor Chandler . . . ["Guerrilla Priests," Aug. 9] but he only touches a point that I would like to pursue, the very crux of the whole problem for institutional Christians: the political implications of our action . . .

When we went to Guatemala, as Americans, we were political subjects of our own government with obligations to it. As foreigners in that country, we entered agreeing to abide by Guatemalan laws for foreigners. As official representatives of a religious institution that has political, indeed diplomatic relations, with the Guatemalan government, we were bound to regulate our activities according to the political agreements that exist between these two entities. When I went to Guatemala in 1957, I foresaw nothing that would make me think that these political obligations would ever come in direct conflict with my obligations as a Christian. By 1967, I saw otherwise and had to make a choice. . .

The Guatemalan government had a right to expel us. The American Ambassador, as official representative of the American government, had a right to expel us. Maryknoll had a right to expel us. Indeed, they had no alternative, because we were approaching the moment when we felt that we had to act on the conviction that the best interests of these three institutions were in direct conflict with the best interests of the people whom we were sent to serve. The U.S. government and the Guatemalan government are in conflict with the people because of the very nature of what they consider their interests to be; Maryknoll, because she depends on these governments for her very existence.

The Superior General of Maryknoll said, that as guests of a foreign government, we had betrayed our trust. He is correct. But the Guatemalan government had preceded us in betrayal—of

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COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts. Second-class postage paid in Philadelphia, Pa. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave, New York, NY 10016 MUrray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1968 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc. US and Canada, $10 a year. Foreign $12. Single copies 35¢.

ON LEGITIMIZING RADICALISM

Barring the gesture of a fourth party candidate, the line-ups are set for the 1968 Presidential race, and what promised after the Johnson withdrawal to be a new spring in American politics is proving a continuation of the bleak winter into which the nation drifted under Johnson. The great hope for meaningful change was with the Democratic Party and embodied in Eugene McCarthy. But the party's nomination of Hubert Humphrey dramatizes the impoverishment of the national political state. In Humphrey the Democrats have eructed a candidate who personifies machine politics, who is demonstrably not his own man, and whose program is not radically different from that of Messrs Nixon or Wallace. Apart from the issue of race (and certain states' rights issues), the one blanket can be thrown over the three candidates; further, Mr. Johnson could comfortably crawl under that blanket. Thus the supreme irony: the rout of Lyndon Johnson, so complete that he could not even put in an appearance at the national convention of the party he heads, results in a situation in which all his potential successors are Sir Echoes of the very policies that led to his repudiation.

The tragedy of this development relates especially to the Democratic Party. No ouija board was needed to know what the Republicans and a third party would produce; the results were depressingly foreseeable. But the people had full right to expect the Democratic Party to be different and to reflect in its platform and its candidate something of the new political urgencies of those the party professes to represent. Certainly these were clear enough. That the party did not—indeed, that it could be contemptuous of these urgencies—points to a sickness within the party and normal political processes so pervasive that not surprisingly large numbers of the "new radicals" are tempted to drop out and many "old hopefuls" are inclined to abandon the

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Democratic Party to its fate; some are also prepared to work for the party's defeat, convinced that the only hope for the party rests in its devastation, so that out of the ruins might be built something worthwhile.

It is easy to understand the feelings on which these dispositions are based, but it is uncertain that singly or collectively they are the answer to the current political predicament. To drop out is to default on the possibilities evolved through the McCarthy campaign; and to consign the election to a Nixon or a Wallace is to play roulette with the welfare of nation and world, since it would mean committing the country to an adventurer more worrisome than the man at hand. To say this is not to speak an oblique endorsement of Mr. Humphrey; it is merely to express caution about the alternatives, and to suggest that the political system and the Democratic Party need saving not through abandonment or destruction, but through the revitalization that would come with development of the radical insurgency born of McCarthy.

The impact of McCarthy as a physical entity is over with, but his influence in radical insurgency is everywhere, and it is this which must be exploited—in social, institutional and esthetic forms to be sure, but in electoral activity first of all. The challenges are on all sides: in local contests; in the organization of the middle-income class, professional workers, suburbanites; in the politicization of the ghetto, from which not even groups like the Black Panther Movement should be excluded. And, since this year's Presidential election could end up in the House of Representatives, there is challenge particularly in the election of congressmen in the currents of change churned up by the McCarthy candidacy—Democrats like Allard Lowenstein; Republicans like James Farmer.

Admittedly there is great limitation on what congressmen of the new politics could accomplish in a House of Representatives election. Their influence would be handicapped by their numbers, their juniority and by the terms of the XIIth Amendment (which limits choice to the top three voted on for President). On the other hand, they would be in a position to bring to the selection procedure some vision of the forces at work beyond political blinders; and, just as important, by impressing on their colleagues the legitimacy of what has been going on since New Hampshire, they could be that one element in the power structure which could save the country from the repression on which all the Presidential candidates seem bent. The last is vital if anyone is to be able to govern America.

STAFF CHANGE

After serving as one of the editors of *Commonweal* since the fall of 1961, executive editor Daniel Callahan has resigned, effective this week. He takes with him our best wishes and our thanks for his many contributions to the magazine.

Liturgy Week: Too Far Ahead of the Crowd?

The Liturgical Conference convoked its remarkably loyal following and uncorked a bold and heady revolutionary brew. It proved too strong for many and sent them reeling into corridors and lobbies in search of relief. For the majority, however, it was an exhilarating—even intoxicating—experience.

No theme was too sweeping for the program committee: Marxist revolutions, racial revolutions; revolutions in politics and communications, among women and youth; revolutions to overturn poverty and war, to reform church and state. The roster of speakers was blue-ribbon: Andrew Young, Floyd McKissick and James Farmer; Saul Alinsky, Marcus Raskin, Sidney Callahan, François Houtart and, for the liturgically minded, Gerard Sloyan. There was even a real, live Communist, Herbert Aptheker, lonely and dignified, whose presence was one of the sensations of the Week but whose face and figure nevertheless went unrecognized in session after session.

Perhaps the program was too good—too visionary and imaginative, too comprehensive and sophisticated. A workshop on "World Government, National Sovereignty and Revolution" attracted eight people out of the 3,000 paid registrants. An evening session entitled "Rite of Reconciliation" and cast largely in the form of a "light show" complete with multiple screens, a psychedelic-rock group called "The Mind Garage," free peanuts and free-flowing wine, clowns and bouncing balls was a tour de force (marred only by a vulgar preacher) that excited many, bewildered others, and drove some screaming from the hall. Such avant-garde programming was calculated to challenge conventional approaches, styles and attitudes. It succeeded. Whether it also contributed much to the crowd's knowledge and conversion is less certain and less important.

The persistent complaint of critics—even the well disposed—was "What does all this have to do with liturgy?" Father Robert Hovda's answer in his brilliant concluding homily was a passionate denial of the question's legitimacy. This, however, will not still the opposition, for many who share the Liturgical Week's urgent concentration on the great issues confronting man insist that questions of formal Christian worship continue to deserve attention. "If the Liturgical Conference doesn't concern itself with liturgy," they ask, "who will?" Granted that the subjects of this meeting are the subjects that should occupy all men, is it the Liturgical Conference's mission to pursue them or not? Can the Conference handle these larger issues and also sustain its work in specifically liturgical matters? The argument is important

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to Liturgical Week buffs and they are probably going to have to live with it for some time.

What the 1968 Week revealed is that the program planners are substantially ahead of their clientele—by and large a good thing. From the opening night's tribute to Dorothy Day and Alex Peloquin's powerful musical memorial to Dr. Martin Luther King to the concluding Mass (for which a fistful of regulations was flung away and an exciting celebration staged), it was a provocative and efficiently-run meeting. It will be a hard act to follow.

JOHN B. MANNION

(John B. Mannion, former executive secretary of The Liturgical Conference, is now with the U.S. Department of Commerce.)

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HORATIO AT THE BRIDGE

VICTORY OF THE HUBIECRATS

The nomination of Hubert Horatio Humphrey and his alliance with Southern favorite-sons, the Labor barons and old-line bosses, John Bailey and Dick Daley, signaled the emergence of the Hubiecrats as Democratic Party counterparts to the "Nixiecrats" (Humphrey's own term of derision) in the Republican Party. And, what I termed after Miami GOP "White Elephants" (Goldwaterites, former Dixiecrats and nostalgic Nixonites) may be said to have their political peers in the "Blue Donkeys," the Truman-Johnson-Humphrey Democrats whose law-and-order plank was written in blood by Mayor Daley's blue lines of politically-disciplined policemen. In a sense, the Democratic Convention began as a carbon-copy of the Republican conclave and then transmogrified itself into a version of the Cow Palace events of 1964. In order to obtain the withdrawal of the ten Southern "favorite sons" in his favor before the first ballot, Hubert Humphrey garnered the support of Texas Governor John Connally, South Carolina Governor McNair, Florida Senator George Smathers and others in personal conferences from which the new Dixiecrats of 1968 emerged with the satisfaction of "everything we wanted," in the same way that 1948 States Rights renegade Strom Thurmond could claim promises from Richard Nixon. Among the obvious elements of the Humphrey-Connally compromise, there were these within the convention:

1) HHH gave the Texans a signed appeal to the delegates not to abolish summarily all aspects of the "unit rule" for use in their rules committee floor fight; 2) Humphrey took a hard-line, no-compromise position on the Vietnam plank, in word and effect a hawkish vindication of the Johnson Administration policies; 3) and, the Vice-President and his agents maneuvered to limit the scale and scope of the decisions on credentials challenges. For the campaign, Humphrey now seems bent upon vying with Nixon and Wallace for Southern electoral votes and for the "backlash" on the "law-and-order" issue.

The Blue Donkey Power, symbolized by the harassment and arrest of delegates within the International Amphitheatre and the Conrad Hilton Hotel, as well as by the excesses of the Chicago police outside the hotels, was not merely an "over-reaction" precipitated by Richard Daley and afterwards condoned by HHH. Rather, the Democrats' turn-toward-the-right, seemingly abrupt, represents the long-term take-over of the Democratic Party by the paper liberals of 1948; in short, the commitment to political reform and social transformation led by Franklin Roosevelt, the Kennedys and Eugene McCarthy has been displaced by the warfare State managers Harry S. Truman, Lyndon B. Johnson and Hubert H. Humphrey. And, instead of the natural Democratic base in New England, New York, California, and in the left-of-center constituencies, the geopolitics and themes of the Truman and Johnson Administrations and the Humphrey campaign exploit the images of the New Deal and Fair Deal, but move the party and the country toward consolidation. Historically, the Democratic Party has only been a vehicle-of-progress through a charismatic national leader and repeatedly reverted to an "expansionist" foreign policy and a domestic policy designed to bolster the alliance of urban machines and rural statehouses.

What is striking is how the vaunted residual liberalism upon which the McCarthy-McGovern-Kennedy forces pinned their hopes was as inoperative in the Democratic conclaves as the publicized vestigial moderate moorings relied upon by the Rockefeller-Romney-Lindsay establishment in the GOP. As the zero hours approached at Miami Beach and Chicago, the "Draft Lindsay" and "Draft Ted Kennedy" movements assumed the same forms and marshaled the same collection of the very young, the calculating pragmatists, and the "it's-the-only-thing-that-can-save-us-now" sayers. In the end, the powers that thwarted the left in both parties were not radically different.

As the Goldwater returnees from the disaster of 1964 learned little, so the AFL-CIO barons, with super-hawk George Meany as their leader, refused to recognize the electoral lessons of the primaries and the polls. As the successful bi-racial coalition represented by Governor Winthrop Rockefeller's Arkansas delegation was an anomaly amid the lily-white Southern GOPer's, so the Mississippi challenge delegation and the partially-seated Julian Bond delegation from Georgia exerted a marginal

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influence on the proceedings as the regulars from the Middle-South cast a solid phalanx of ballots for Vice-President Humphrey. As the northern and urban delegates waited for signs of the old Humphrey (circa 1960) or some new Humphrey, so the GOP moderates had awaited a promised New Nixon or at least the Old Nixon (circa 1960). Perhaps the most telling and disquieting aspect was the repetition of the "Yes, but you don't understand how far to the left he is privately" remarks which emanated from both the Mark Hatfield Republicans at Miami Beach and the Don Fraser Democrats at Chicago. And, when the final gavel sounded, the Humphrey democracy of 1968 was the party of National Chairman Bailey, Texas Governor Connally, Chicago Boss Daley, and Union Chieftain Meany; the urbane, albeit hawkish, Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine may pacify some liberals, but his place on the ticket appears a direct pitch to the Polish Catholic voters and the white-ethnic "backlash."

There is good reason to argue that a Humphrey Administration would mean an enormous setback for the Democratic Party and the country. As President, Humphrey could use the resources of the federal government to reinforce the Bailey-Connally-Daley-Meany rule of the party. Already, he has indicated that his "Marshall plan for the cities" will consist of building on the model of Chicago's "pre-fab housing" program, whereby blacks are moved into projects where a precinct captain becomes the arbiter of daily life. Humphrey advisor Morriss Janowitz, a military sociologist, has suggested the drafting of ghetto youth into a police cadet corps which supposedly would "socialize" them into a "strong male identity." Another Humphrey advisor, Columbia professor Zbigniew Brezinski, is an unapologetic disciple of an electronic technocracy.

Finally, Humphrey himself is a strict majoritarian; he believes, as he said in his acceptance speech, that once "minority rights have been preserved" nonetheless "majority rule has prevailed." That was a clarion indication that HHH intends no accommodation with the doves in his party. (As he uttered those lines, the law-and-order plank of 1968 was gathered in human form in the pitched battle at the front of the Conrad Hilton and the smell of tear-gas pervaded the hotel.) Humphrey really believes that if young people want a part in politics they ought to stop protests and join government-sponsored "youth participation" projects.

Thus, the Hubiecrats bespeak a "March to the White House" in lines of a dynamic response to political reaction. While Nixon seeks only to preside and seize the present opportunities before him, Humphrey desires to shore-up the power structure and determine the shape of the future. Given his present position, Humphrey is, if anything, now once again to the right of Richard Nixon and ready to capture the prize he has sought for 20 years.

JOHN J. QUIRK

(John J. Quirk, a free-lance writer, covered both the Democratic and Republican Conventions.)

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MACING THE KIDS

A TASTE OF FASCISM

"Hot Town: Pigs in the City" read a poster on a wall in Chicago, showing a picture of a fat, helmeted cop. Calling cops pigs once seemed to make "pigs" out of the people using the term; after Chicago, it seemed accurate. The leaders of the protest demonstrations (Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger of the National Mobilization, Jerry Rubin, Paul Krassner, Abbie Hoffman of the Youth International Party—YIP) all had cops tailing them. Every time Hayden went out for a sandwich, two crewcut agents slid into a booth next to him. Rennie's "pigs" usually waited in a car (plastered with McCarthy stickers) outside the Dearborn St. office of the Mobilization; occasionally they hung around by the elevator outside the office, anachronistic in their James Dean slouches, hair slicked back and pants slung low under spreading paunches and barrel chests.

The term "pig" originated among the Black Panthers in Oakland. But in the streets of Chicago white people —radicals, Yippies, McCarthy kids, tourists, delegates, writers, newsmen—learned what it meant to be a nigger to the "pigs." Being a nigger meant you could not get in the door of the Hilton because of the way you looked; it meant people jeering as you walked down the street; and it meant physical terror—never knowing when the arbitrary and furious brutality of clubs, gases, boots, guns and bayonets would be turned against you.

Many felt that the lines were drawn the day they put up barbed wire around the Amphitheatre. The setting was perfect for the farce (turning to tragedy) of the Democratic National Convention: the first week of credentials and platform hearings was so hot even the air-conditioned Hilton was uncomfortable; the Amphitheatre was next to the Chicago stockyards so that every time the wind changed, democracy got a whiff of the carnage on which it was operating; Daley had amassed 30,000 troops and cops by Saturday, Aug. 24. With the stage thus set, the mutual egging-on of cops and kids was inevitable, and, like a Greek tragedy, ground inexorably to its end of terror and destruction.

The Yippies, often damned as the lunatic fringe of the

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Movement, were probably the most creative minds in Chicago that week, giving life and humor with their intuitions of drama and absurdity. When Jerry Rubin nominated a 200-lb castrated hog for President, his speech underscored the tone of the farce taking place in the Amphitheatre: "Don't be fooled by the pigs of the Republican and Democratic parties," he exhorted: "Be fooled by the pig of the Yippie party!" The other side of this pig language was, of course, the taunting provocation of cops that went on in the parks and the streets. But the cops had been primed for slaughter; Daley was pawing the floor of his bull-pen to get at those Commie-punks and peacenik slobs. Humphrey grinned approvingly from behind his politics of joy.

The two focal issues were the Mobilization's requests for permits to march to the Amphitheatre on the 28th (the night of the nomination) and to let people sleep in Lincoln Park. Negotiations between Mobilization leaders and city officials continued down to the wire, the city remaining intransigent on these two points. (They refused to understand why 5,000 kids couldn't commute from the suburbs or stay in hotels in the Loop; or why anyone would *want* to sleep in the park.) The test came Sunday night (the 25th) when the Yippies were to have thousands of people attempt to stay in Lincoln Park after the 11 p.m. curfew. Their key advantage was to be in numbers: it would be too difficult and bloody for the cops to round up and rout over 5,000 people from the slopes, trees and bushes of Lincoln Park. But the numbers were disappointing, and when the cops moved into Lincoln Park that first night with clubs and tear gas, they met little resistance. Protesters fled from the park to the streets of Old Town and found—for the first time—that "the people" were their allies against the cops. Doors were opened, V-signs waved from windows, cars stopped, horns honked, rides were offered, as the kids took their battle to the Loop where they faced the cops and their weapons for hours. The pattern throughout the week was of police brutality solidifying its opposition: random violence became insurrection as protesters fled, regrouped and returned, gaining strength and unity from their ability to survive assault.

The Mobilization's strategy for the week was decentralization. Leaders planned the loosest possible structure. Movement Centers, run by and for people from all the constituent groups of the Mobilization, were set up in churches, storefronts, basements and offices around Chicago. There were about 25 functioning centers, among them People Against Racism, Clergy and Laymen Concerned, SDS, New University Conference, Peace and Freedom Party, Youth for a New America, People for McCarthy, Boston Draft Resistance Group. The centers were the main sources of information going out to the people and in to the Steering Committee. Nightly meetings of representatives from each center kept people in touch with each other, but during the day the centers were autonomous, organizing demonstrations, seminars, rap sessions. By Wednesday the Mobilization's two most effective leaders were out of commission: Hayden had been arrested twice in one afternoon, beaten, and told that "if we catch you again we'll kill you." (He then went underground, moving about Chicago under various beards, hats, glasses and robes.) Rennie Davis had his head split open by a night stick early Wednesday afternoon. But things did not fall apart, although there were several false starts, failures of nerve, people forgetting their defense tactics, and dull thuds of depression.

As usual, communications and planning proved secondary to spontaneous events. Tuesday night the Mobilization had an unbirthday party for Lyndon Johnson featuring Phil Ochs, the Fugs, Dick Gregory and others. Afterwards people drifted toward Grant Park in small groups, until by midnight a crowd of about 3,000 had gathered under the TV lights across from the Hilton. The result was a tense but non-violent all-night face-out with the cops who were lined up, porcine and hostile, on the west side of the park, their backs to the hotel. Demonstrators sang, chanted, listened to speeches and cheered when sympathetic lights flashed inside the Hilton. Cops scowled, glowered, smacked their clubs into their open palms, and were replaced by the Illinois National Guard at around 3:45 a.m. Inside the Hilton a drunken *Newsweek* man sobbed into the windowsill.

The apocalyptic events of Wednesday, beginning with the prevented march to the Amphitheatre and ending with the candlelight procession of delegates, are now history. A crowd of people, drawn to the street by fumes of tear gas being lobbed into the penned marchers across Grant Park, sat down in the middle of Michigan Ave. with chants of PEACE NOW. Suddenly 150 cops, blue helmets bobbing, paunches jiggling, sticks flailing, charged into the seated crowd smashing every head they could reach. People panicked and tried to run, crushing and trampling each other to escape the police attack (later they learned to yell WALK, WALK, WALK, when the cops charged—avoiding the extra crush and panic, but hardly lessening the ardor of the attack). A long-haired girl quietly asked a line of armed, marching cops: "Are you going to kill us?" "Get back on the bridge," one of them growled. A man in a wheel chair was clubbed for not getting out of the way fast enough. Cops formed a pincer movement, forcing people up against the wall of the Hilton; a huge pane of glass gave way and people, gas, glass, and screams crashed into the hotel bar.

People began streaming north up Michigan Ave. where lines of cars were stopped, their drivers honking, waving V-signs, smiling. A trash can exploded into flame; cheers from the crowd. Medics treated bleeding heads and Maced faces. Ten cops began marching south along Michigan Ave. with rifles at attention in front of their chests. Another charge—four cops on one prone body, their sticks high in the air, coming down in alternate rhythms; the

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body did not move; still the sticks came down, 1-2-3-4. A line of medics trying to wash Mace and gas from a child's face and bandage a bleeding shoulder were the next target. The cops ran at the medics; sticks swung, heads cracked. Five cops on motorcycles with sidecars screamed around the corner, swiping into everyone they could reach. There was nowhere to run.

The politics of confrontation are dramatic and revealing. Those in the streets experienced animal terror, bravely met in a trial of conviction. In that sense it was a victory. For many watching on TV and from hotel rooms above Michigan Ave. it was a taste of fascism, reminiscent of Stalin, Hitler, Prague, and a warning that it *can* happen here. For too many others it was a vindication of law and order, in which "those kids got what they deserved."

JEAN STROUSE

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AFTER THE DEBACLE

BUILDING A NEW PARTY

There was never any doubt whose city we were in. The first billboard at O'Hara field was emblazoned with the name. The same name, in a signature as childlike as a nun's, met the visitor in the windows of restaurants; it was blocked out on hotel marquees and imprinted on yellow cards under telephone receivers. We came to Chicago to indulge the ego of Richard J. Daley. For five years we had been indulging the ego of Lyndon B. Johnson. The good of the people, the good of the party, had become secondary.

The thin dry fumes of the airport bus soured the cool autumn air. Driving into the city was like entering Barcelona in 1956, or Paris during the Algerian terror, or East Berlin: policemen on the corners, in hotel lobbies, on the bridges over the expressways. We entered a city with its disguises down, a city founded on the bedrock power, not of persuasion, but of gun and club. It would be a rhetorical mistake to say we encountered fascism in Chicago, but we saw something very close to it: an American form of undemocratic power, brazenly displayed. Worse, the people love their own disease. In the packed galleries the last night, hastily printed orange placards announced a people's love for the local strong man. Telephone calls and letters to Chicago papers ran ten-to-one in favor of the tyrant and his police. A hasty national poll found that 70 percent of the population favored the Daley policies. Two days after the convention Hubert Humphrey succumbed yet again and supported Daley as he had long supported Johnson. The love of tyranny is a national disease.

What we learned in Chicago is that America is not yet a democratic country, has not been one, and does not wish to be. For what happened in Chicago is not new in America. There were bloody draft riots in 1863 and in every war until 1941; there were cruel steel, coal and farm riots in the 1930's, bitterly suppressed by mounted police who did not scruple to fire their guns into the crowds; political conventions have often before been cheaply staged and rigged. By comparison, the shocking events of 1968 are even mild. What is new is television, with its educated and urbane and resourceful newsmen; it is not by accident that strong men like Daley and Wallace single out newsmen as agitators, for the perspective brought by newsmen is not that of simpletons or local flunkies. What is new is also the steadily growing proportion of the educated population, now almost 30 percent of the voters. What we saw in Chicago was the drama of a new class warfare.

There is good evidence that the Humphreys, Muriel explicitly, saw the 15,000 students chanting their disaffection in the streets merely as a nuisance, a blemish, a disagreeable stench upon the sweet winds of fulfilled ambition. There was no sign that those in charge of the convention or the majority that selected Humphrey understood the depth and extent of the disaffected class. Their explanations of what was taking place around them revealed the limits of their understanding: Eugene McCarthy is a victim of personal pique; the ragged radical young are assassins, terrorists and communists; the "clean for Gene" kids are only a step from becoming hippies; the hippies are profane, dirty, lazy perverts; the convention minority is moralistic, pious, and disloyal to the party. Not long after the brutal beatings outside the Conrad Hilton hotel I heard two well-dressed women express their shock, not at the bloodshed, but at the profanity the young radicals had used, words these two women had surely heard before and surely used. The affluent Texans and the tough, hardworking, plainly dressed salesmen and farmers and lawyers who made up the party majority espoused views and cheered lines almost indistinguishable from those espoused and cheered by the plusher Republicans at Miami Beach.

By all reports, Miami Beach exuded an air of unreality: yachts and lavish dinner parties and stunning party dress, against the distant backdrop of racial war. Chicago was closer to the tensions that divide our country: lower middle class, meaner, tougher. What is startling is that the affluent suburbanites represented by the Republicans and the tough little people and establishment politicians represented by the Democrats now have the same inter-

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ests: *preserve* America upon its present course, *maintain* the present law and order, *unite* to cover over our divisions. Ironically, the new left has handed both Republicans and Democrats a target around which to unify: the confrontation politics of the poor, the black and the proponents of peace in Vietnam. Republicans and the Democratic majority are lining up together against the disturbers of the status quo. The reality so painfully clear to the new left is uttterly invisible to the great majority of Americans. There is almost no possibility of communication between the two visions of reality, and the differences are too deep for a pragmatic consensus or compromise. Since views of reality are socially enforced, we may expect a new era of systematic repression. Thus America has already entered a fascist phase, to which presidential candidates must cater.

It was enough in Chicago to wear a beard or long hair, to be young, to have a McCarthy button, to carry a camera, in order to be subject to intimidation. The electronic machines at the International Amphitheatre and the omnipresent police created an atmosphere of uncertainty and randomness; one never knew who would be searched or stopped, or why. The police were brusque and rude, as befits their class; to cry injustice or to struggle was to resist arrest. The sense of fear was eerie and tangible. At Grant and Lincoln Parks one never knew when the surrounding police would strike, how violently, or why.

Those who boast how much they love America (businessmen who sing a patriotic hymn at every weekly luncheon) are closing ranks against those who love their nation for its achievement of justice, but hate its injustices. For many, loyalty is the highest virtue; God is an American, or wishes that he were; and it is inconceivable that basic policies of our nation might be immoral or unjust. Thus the meaningful and fundamental struggle revealed by events in Chicago is between those who hold irreconcilable views about what is actually happening in America, between those who think American institutions are sound and adequate and those who judge them harshly: between "good people" and "agitators." The meaningless struggle is between Humphrey and Nixon for the right to represent the boosters.

The Grant Park Scene

At the moment when the machinery of the convention, abetted by majority sentiment, was inexorably electing Hubert Humphrey as its candidate, I stood near the circle of young people seated in Grant Park and ringed by soldiers and barbed wired jeeps. The young people listened to passionate speakers—Norman Mailer was there, Monique Truong (the daughter of Truong Dinh Dzu), delegates from the convention, and speakers of their own. The crowd responded spontaneously to almost every sentence: jeers, laughter, agreement, applause, anger, objection. Every so often another hymn was sung, of justice and peace and solidarity and resistance. The measureless cruelty of four hours earlier had risen to its climax and passed, leaving a kind of peace, a fatigue, a surcease in its wake. Under the dark swaying trees, one could not help thinking of prayer meetings and itinerant preachers; the young were not acting apart from American traditions. Many clean McCarthy kids and newspapermen and well-dressed staff workers had joined the meeting. Near me three observers, quite clearly not participants, turned away to speak to one another. In my dark suit and tie I looked enough like a secret service agent to follow them each time they moved and I stayed constantly within earshot. They became visibly annoyed and found occasion to jostle me to determine whether I had a gun; and then they followed me to find out who I was.

We are back, I thought, where we began: Oct. 16 in Oakland, Oct. 21 at the Pentagon. Once more the blue-helmeted, paunchy police, the pink-faced guardsmen who would rather be hearing rock, the desperate anger and hopelessness and desire of the young. Eugene McCarthy had tried for nine months to provide the young with one last attempt at electoral politics. And we are back where we began. Dick Gregory told the students that there is hope the voting age will be lowered to 18. They jeered: "*Vote?* Who for?"

In Chicago, leaders of the demonstrations had asked permission to use Wrigley Field, Comiskey Park, Soldier's Field, and every meeting hall they could think of. Mayor Daley refused. The young were allowed nothing but the streets, no walls but officers and troops. (Would Mayor Lindsay have gone to chat with them, sent them doughnuts and coffee, helped them set up tents?) The right to free assembly? The right to voice grievances? The sympathy and assistance due the young? The young have concluded that the only effective political tactic in our society is confrontation. The young, not the delegates of the minority in the convention, unmasked Mayor Daley, just as earlier they had set fire to Eugene McCarthy and toppled Lyndon Johnson; just as now they will "Dump the Hump!"

The institutions of American democracy have been allowed to stagnate for so long that substantive issues cannot be raised; first, procedures must be changed. Between 1964 and 1968, the Mississippi and Georgia delegations were enabled to take an important step, procedurally. In 1968, the unit rule was eliminated. In four years, that procedural change, too, will bear political fruit. But in that four years, a great many of the young will be called to die for policies they morally abhor.

Still, despite the urgency and the desperation, an armed revolution is not an open option. A society overprotected by police, guardsmen, federal troops and technological devices is so strong that a revolution like that of 1776 is no longer possible by force of arms. It is frightening to

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think that revolutions can no longer occur; that we are trapped. Hence the desperation of the young. On the one side, the logic of confrontation demands that, ultimately, the young will have to meet the police not with unprotected heads but with rifles and grenades and terrorism; but the logic of taking up arms against the United States is the logic of fruitless defeat. On the other side, electoral politics seems so illusory that the young do not understand the naiveté of those who take it seriously. What, then, can be done?

The overriding fact is that the Democratic Party adopted a Republican position in Chicago, and it is absolutely clear that the young do not represent a majority of Americans, even in the Democratic Party. One might wish to argue that the primaries and the polls show that the Democratic machinery is not representative of a majority in the party who wanted serious change. (Johnson will go down in history as the man who led the party from its highest peak to its lowest depth in four nasty, short and brutish years.) But this argument fails to note the inroads of George Wallace in traditional Democratic areas, specifically areas in which Robert Kennedy was strong. For the distress of poorly educated whites, who are caught between unattainable affluence and the menacing advance of the poor, is undifferentiated. It can be led in any of several directions. As McCarthy himself admitted in Oregon, this forgotten class voted for Kennedy, not for McCarthy. Now that Kennedy is dead, there is no intelligent and liberal leader to hold their trust, no one but Wallace. Between the radical young and the seething lower middle class—between the young and the cops—there is no understanding, no yet discovered bond.

Armed revolution will be crushed; the only way to a revolution in America is through the slow, cumbersome, long march of the ballot box. A new party must be built, but it will not be built at once. Four steps seem to me necessary. First, efforts heretofore virtually non-existent (except for those of Robert Kennedy) must be launched to reach and to lead the class from which cops, cab drivers, and millions of others come. This is the major, indispensable task of a new democracy. It is this class that supports Mayor Daley and always is tempted by a strong man; in Germany, it supported Hitler enthusiastically. It responds to the gut feeling that it is not forgotten, and that its interests are being cared for; it seeks a father.

Secondly, advantage must be taken of the imminent defeat of Humphrey and, with him, of countless Democratic regulars, so that a new Democratic party may be fashioned on the ashes of the old. The strong minority at the convention already forms a major base. Bright, young suburban voters of liberal bent provide an extensive voting public; it was the genius of McCarthy to be the first to discern their strength and build a "new politics" upon their numbers.

Thirdly, a way must be found to unite the liberal wing of the Republican party to the new Democratic party. For interest-group politics in the United States is losing its rigidity; new divisions and new cohesive bonds are being shaped along the lines of political, intellectual orientation. It is not exactly ideology that is at stake, but it is bent of mind and attitude; it is a different approach to and perception of reality. The growing mood of repression threatens liberal Republicans and liberal Democrats alike.

Fourth, a decision must be reached on whether to abandon the Democratic Party or to make it the vehicle of radical change. The formation of a new party will require much more time than the renovation of the existing one. Moreover, the danger of sectarian zeal and exclusiveness is especially great in the movement to a new party. Alienation from the rest of American society is likely to be heightened and the real political power of the left is not likely to be appreciably increased. On the other hand, a vote for Humphrey and his supporters in 1968 is intolerable. An actual vote for Nixon (however much one wants to see the defeat of Humphrey, as the only hope for building a new party) calls for self-abnegation beyond the claims of duty. Not to vote at all is, of course, to refuse to give either Humphrey or Nixon a "mandate." But how, then, shall we channel our political energies?

Upon escaping from the ugliness of Chicago, we may imagine a strategy aimed at 1972 and 1976, consisting of at least five steps. (1) Refuse to support Humphrey and regular Democrats. (2) Support candidates of the new politics, whether Republican or Democrat. (3) Seek to bring Democrats and Republicans of liberal bent into common organizations. (4) Continue the radicalization of liberals through judicious confrontation politics—counting on Nixon and Humphrey to make the task easy. (5) Devise strategies and seek candidates who appeal to and lead the lower middle class.

A revolution is a long-term affair. The young accomplished more in 1968 than anyone could have predicted. They prompted a more radical realignment in American politics than has been experienced for more than 30 years. They found Eugene McCarthy, who was willing to personify and politicize the vagrant despair and hope they felt in 1967. The fact that McCarthy fell short of the presidency, and even of a peace platform, reminds us that miracles are not often granted, and that revolutions usually demand many long marches, many defeats, many dry seasons, before they yield success. The young, like many in the last two centuries before them, will grow up in a revolutionary struggle and, when it succeeds, will be its seasoned leaders. Until then, there is no alternative but the patient guerrilla warfare of unromantic and difficult ward politics, united fronts, and unremitting concentration upon the goal: an America worthy in 1976 of 1776.

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PRIESTHOOD AND REVOLUTION

The likeliest model for the Christian minister is the revolutionary leader

HERBERT McCABE

We find among Catholics two opposing attitudes to the priesthood. There is the conservative view, which sees the Church as a kind of feudal society, in which each man has his proper status with corresponding "duties of his state." On the other hand, there is the progressive view, which models the Church on the democratic society, in which citizens are not differentiated by their status but by their functions. I think that both these views are mistaken, because both place the Christian ministry essentially within the Church; both hark back to the idea that the basic job of the priest is to celebrate Mass and otherwise minister to the faithful. In the decree on the priesthood of Vatican II, however, the position is quite otherwise: "Priests, as co-workers with their bishops, have as their *primary duty* the proclamation of the gospel of God to *all men*." It has to be admitted that the same document later on asserts that "Priests fulfill their chief duty in the mystery of the Eucharistic Sacrifice," but that occurs in a section that seems plainly to have been inserted to satisfy those who wanted to safeguard the practice of daily Mass. The emphasis of the Vatican decree on the priesthood, like the one on bishops, is on the proclamation of the gospel to all, whether Christians or not.

As I see it, the basic error is to see the Church primarily as a community. The Church is not first of all a community; it is first of all a movement within the community of mankind. We ought not to have simply a functional view of the clergy within the Church; we ought to press our functionalism much further; we ought to have a functional view of the Church within mankind. It is only within communities that people have functions. You could not have the function of being a teacher or a plumber except within a society which demands and makes sense of teaching or plumbing. The progressive sees the Church as a community and the priests as functional within it. I, on the other hand, want to see the only community as that of mankind, and to see the Church as functional within it.

It will follow from this that the important distinctions in the Church—those we call sacramental, the distinctions established by baptism/confirmation, ordination/consecration, and marriage—are not functional in relation to a community called the Church. Fundamentally they are functional in relation to the community of man. The bishop or priest is not a man with a special job to do in the Church; he is a man with a special job to do in the world. Any differentiation within the Church is a mere consequence of this.

Being a bishop is a function not in a Church but in society, just as being a plumber is a function not in a Church but in society, with this essential difference; the plumber's job is immanent in the society; it is part of the fabric of the society, whereas the bishop's job is essentially revolutionary or subversive of the society. (I am using the word revolutionary to do the work that in the past was done by the word transcendental, because the latter word has lost its Christian significance; in fact, it has lost both its paradoxical and its historical character.)

If we are to understand the Christian ministry, it is as well to take our start from the New Testament. It seems to me that the most illuminating text is the passage in John 17 when Christ, in the course of his prayer before his arrest, commissions his apostles. Speaking to his Father he says: "I passed your word on to them, and the world hated them because they belong to the world no more than I belong to the world." I think it is extremely

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significant that the first thing said about them *qua* apostles, as bearers of the word, is the world will hate them.

They are to be set apart from the world, not in the sense of avoiding it or "being removed from it," but in the sense of being sacrificial victims, the consecrated ones of the world. They are to stand askew to the world in some way. And this consecration, Christ explains, is simply their commission to the truth, to the word that he has passed on. Jesus says that their consecration will be like his, hinting that just as the world cannot tolerate his "standing apart," his independence of its structure, and so hates him and finally kills him, so they, too, are ultimately to be consecrated by violent death.

Jesus then speaks of those others "who through their [the apostles'] word will believe in me." He clearly envisages a distinction between his missionaries and those who come to believe through their teaching. The belief in question is the belief that Jesus is "from God," that his opposition to the world, or rather his transcendence of it which provokes the hostility of the world, is divine and not satanic. Jesus is manifestly dangerous to the world; belief in him consists in seeing that his destructive power is not evil but mysteriously good, that if the world will let itself be destroyed, it will find not merely death but a new life. The whole purpose of all this, Jesus goes on to say, is that "they may be one." The believers are themselves to be one in a new way and in this way they are to bring about unity in the world.

The "world" here in St. John, it seems evident enough, is a political concept. It is a form of relationship among men, a style of society typified for St. John by the Roman colonial empire—a kind of human organization and unity based on the domination of man by man. Jesus sees his task and that of his followers as the subversion of this kind of society so that it may be replaced by a society with a new kind of unity. "Father, may they be one in us, as you are in me and I am in you." His object is a society sustained as society by love, the presence of the divine Spirit in man.

The attitude of St. John to "the world" is ambivalent. Michael Davitt, the nineteenth-century Irish revolutionary, was of the opinion that Ireland was a horrible country; he was also deeply in love with Ireland. These are not incompatible views. In the first case he meant by Ireland certain structures of political power, in particular the institutions of land ownership; in the second case he meant by Ireland the structures of communication among men which constitute the Irish people as Irish—their traditions, religion, language, environment and all the rest. He felt that the people constituted by the second structures were victims of the first structures. Out of this dual viewpoint came a revolutionary movement called the Land League. (This movement was denounced by the Irish hierarchy. One Archbishop McCabe, the story is, described the women members as "immodest and wicked" and was promptly made a cardinal.)

The movement known as Christianity arose from a similar ambiguity of attitude toward the world, an attitude attributed to God. It is indeed the attribution of this attitude to God, the acknowledgment that Jesus is "sent from God" that lies at the root of faith for St. John.

Christianity is a movement of change within the world, a movement which seeks to transform the institutional relations between men in order the better to express the relationships which constitute them as human; this movement is to be hated by the world, is to come in conflict with the power structure of the world, but is eventually to "overcome the world." "This is the victory that overcomes the world, our faith." It therefore seems not unreasonable to describe the Church as a revolutinary movement within the world. The preaching of the gospel is a danger to the values of the world and to the economic and political structures which embody these values.

If I may borrow some words from Cardinal Suhard: "We have to aim at *structural* reform. A structure corresponds to an aim. Now we have to change the aim; instead of aiming first at producing, we must aim first at giving all men a truly human life. In place of capitalism, a mere technique of production in which, in the absence of a higher rule, production puts man at its service, we must put an economy which will be at the service of men, and not just of some men but of all men . . . something is needed quite different from a more or less extensive modification of our institutions. More is needed even than a revolution, for 'revolution' means turning round, and a situation which is turned around is not necessarily improved or even changed. There must be a total renewal." Without quibbling about words like revolution and renewal, that seems a fair account of what Christianity is concerned with.

If then we are to see the Church as essentially a revolutionary movement within the world, how are we to assess its relationship to other, more overtly revolutionary movements? In particular, what are we to make of the consistent opposition that the Church has in fact shown to such movements?

Throughout the prophetic books of the Old Testament, especially in the psalms, runs the theme that the dominative society, which is maintained in stability by domination and fear, is linked to the rejection of Yahweh. It is linked with the worship of idols, of gods, and the inability to believe in Yahweh, the "non-God," the one whose demands are not essentially in terms of this or that religious practice, but of righteousness and justice between men. Together with this goes firstly the idea that this is not due simply to the individual bad choices of men, but that all men are somehow the victims of this setup, that we are constituted as men in a system of relationships that inevitably compromises us, and secondly the idea that release from this situation is to come somehow through the *anawim*, the dispossessed, the outcasts of society.

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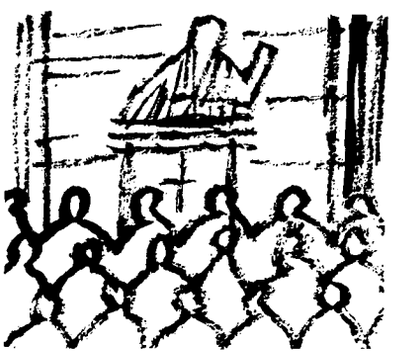
In a well-known passage, Karl Marx speaks of "a class in civil society which is not a class of civil war, a class which is the dissolution of all classes, a sphere of society which has a universal character because its sufferings are universal . . . which claims no traditional status but only human status . . . a sphere finally which cannot emancipate itself without emancipating itself from all the other spheres of society, without therefore emancipating all these other spheres." Marx saw quite clearly that the freedom of the oppressor is as illusory as the freedom of the oppressed. For him there can only be true freedom when the relationship of domination which alienates man is destroyed, and he thought that the one force in society which could do this was that of the poor, the dispossessed.

Jesus, you might say, carries this idea a good deal further. He says it is the poor who will possess the kingdom of heaven; that is to say, it is through the poor, the *anawim,* that the kingship of God is to replace the kingship of man over man. And Jesus' notions of poverty



and of alienation also go further. For him, the liberating class consists of those who have sunk below even the poverty of the proletariat, who have gone beyond a poverty inflicted from outside to an even deeper poverty of spirit, those who have reached a total dispossession even of themselves. This is what Jesus means by faith. A willingness to accept destruction, a willingness ultimately to accept death. That is why he links faith with crucifixion. He refers to his crucifixion as his "baptism" and as his "consecration" and he demands the same of his disciples. This acceptance of death is, for Jesus, the beginning of life. It is the emancipation not just of the poor that finally brings about the kingdom (or non-kingdom) but the emancipation of the dead. The final revolution is the resurrection of the body.

It is characteristic of revolutionary change, as distinct from simple reforms, that its ultimate aim is not describable in the available language. The concepts and descriptive language at our disposal in any age are determined by the whole complex of institutions that go to make up that age. It follows that a proposal for the complete transformation of the structures of a community cannot be expressed descriptively, except very approximately, in the language of that community. Fortunately, the range of expression of our language goes beyond its descriptive use. We are able through symbolism to point toward what we cannot yet express descriptively. Thus, whereas a revolutionary can state precisely a number of things he wants to get rid of (and he may to this extent be confused with a reformer who wishes to remove abuses while retaining the present basic structure of community), when it comes to trying to say what his new world would be like he has to leave the language of sociological prose and employ imagery. He has to hope that his listener will understand the direction in which he is pointing. An important consequence of this is that it is nearly always possible to betray the revolutionary by taking him literally; to fulfill all that he seems literally to be demanding and yet to move no nearer the revolutionary goal. This indeed is exactly what we see happening in neo-capitalism. It is possible to give away all I have and deliver my body to be burned and yet have not charity.

The sacraments of the Church are precisely the imagery in which she speaks of the world of the future, the coming kingdom of God. What sort of relationship is there to be among men? The kind that is hinted at, symbolized in the Eucharist; it is to be a political reality but not one that can be described in today's political terms. A revolutionary is not merely one who tries to make political changes; he is out to change the meaning of the word politics. When the kingdom can be described in political terms, in its *own* political terms, the Eucharist will be no longer necessary. But until then we point toward it in symbolic terms. And, of course, there exists an equivalent of neo-capitalism to emasculate the revolutionary character of the Church. This takes the sacraments not as symbols of the future, but as literal realities. We may see the liturgical movement, the whole concentration on the parish community, the people of God gathered around the altar and so on, as in some danger of embodying this "neo-capitalist" mistake. The sacramental life has been valued literally for its own sake—as somebody might value the nationalization of steel for its own sake—instead of seeing it as an image of the world at which we are trying to arrive.

It is in this sense that the revolutionary is concerned with the transcendent, with what cannot be accommodated within the categories of our time, of our world. He points toward an unimaginable future. He is there to tell us that the future *is* unimaginable. It is in this sense that we speak of God as the absolute future—not as the relative future which will in turn become present and domesticated, but as what eternally summons man to self-transcendence, to living into the future.

If what I have been saying is approximately right, then we may say that Christianity is Marxism carried a great deal further. Christian and Marxist both recognize the need for struggle against specific anti-human forces, and both see human history as the story of this struggle. Both seek to end the dominative society, and both see this coming about through a redemptive movement that

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has no stake in that society, a redemptive community of the poor. Both, moreover, in their different ways—predestination for one and the materialist theory of history for the other—claim that they are not merely proposing an ideal, a possibility that we may happen to choose, but that they are recounting facts, revealing the plan upon which human history is based, whether we like it or not. Marx, however, only claims to be dealing with the alienation brought about by conditions of life, ultimately by conditions of labor; Jesus claims to deal even with the alienation involved in death.

Corresponding to this is the difference in their notions of the redemptive community. For Marx, it is those dispossessed of themselves through the conditions of their work; for Jesus, it is those who have faith, those who are totally stripped of themselves, those who are crucified. For Marx, the proletariat claims no traditional status, only human status. His redemptive community is left with its human powers, above all its numbers. It is by these human powers—the power to handle a gun—that the armed violence of the bourgeois state is to be overcome. For Jesus, the redemptive community has dispossessed itself even of its human status, and its revolutionary force comes from the depth within man which is beyond man, from the power of grace. Involved in faith is the confidence that by dying to ourselves, by giving up all forms of self-assertion, we will receive again our humanity, we will rise again from the death of faith. We will "come forth from the baptismal font" transformed by the divine life, so that we become an explosive force in the world, a force which will, as St. Paul puts it, "Do away with every sovereignty, authority and power" and finally even with the domination of death itself.

It seems to me that the operation of this restored, divinized humanity does not necessarily preclude the use of guns or any other human power. I think there are times when the constant violence of the class-structured society reaches such an intensity that it can only be contained by revolutionary violence. There is this difference, however: for the revolutionary, precisely because of his vision of the non-dominative community, violence is an exceptional and regrettable measure; for the dominative society, institutionalized violence is the very condition of its existence. As James Connolly, the Irish rebel who was, I believe, the first Roman Catholic Marxist, pointed out: "One great source of the strength of the ruling class has ever been their willingness to kill in defense of their power and privileges . . . the readiness of the ruling class to order killing, the small value the ruling class has ever set upon human life, is in marked contrast to the reluctance of all revolutionists to shed blood."

The first thing, then, that I want to say about the revolutionary mission of the Church is that it cuts deeper than what would ordinarily be called the political revolution. The Christian is entitled to feel that the political revolution, precisely because it does not reach to the heart of the matter, to the ultimate alienation of sin, is liable to betray the revolution itself. The achievements of the political revolution, insofar as they are thought of as ultimate aims and not as pointers toward an absolute future, may themselves become forms of the dominative society. The mission of the Church is to be—in a slightly different sense from Regis Debray—the revolution in the revolution. To proclaim the gospel is to interpret the revolution in revolutionary terms, not to see it as merely the substitution of one imaginable social order for another.

The *honest* hostility of the Christian to the Marxist is based on the Marxist's apparent denial of the absolute future, the Marxist's belief that man can ultimately arrive at being man, with no further transcendence beyond him, in other words the Marxists' atheism. The *honest* hostility of the Marxist to the Christian is based on the belief that concern with an ultimate alienation, with sin and with death, is a technique for avoiding the demands of the historical present. The Marxist-Christian dialogue, it seems to me, starts from these two honest hostilities.

But vastly more important in practice is the *dishonest* hostility of both sides. The dishonest hostility of Christian for Marxist arises out of the Christian's betrayal of his own revolutionary purpose. It arises when he forgets that he is involved in a revolutionary movement and comes to think of the Church as a community that is part of the established political order. Then what threatens the established order will seem to him a threat to the existence of the Church. This has been the typical attitude of at least the higher clergy for centuries. Similarly, the dishonest hostility of the Marxist for the Christian arises out of the fossilization of Socialist society into an authoritarian form and fear of the Christian Church as a possible form of organized opposition to the government and its domination. The actual world scene is governed far more by the interplay of these two dishonest hostilities and the natural reactions to them than by the conflict of the two honest differences I mentioned above.

The Priest as Revolutionary Leader

To return now to the question of the Christian ministry: As I see it, the Christian priest is not to be understood on the model of the political leader in either a feudal or a democratic society because the Church is not a society. It is a movement of transformation, a revolutionary movement within the society of the world. The likeliest model for the Christian minister, therefore, is the revolutionary leader; indeed, the priest should *be* a revolutionary leader, but one who goes in and through what in today's terms is called a political revolution to a depth which today we call metaphysical or spiritual. This interpretation of the revolution in its ultimate depths *is* the proclamation of the gospel; it is the call to faith as the radical overcoming of the world. Such a mission will inevitably lead to conflict not only with "the world" but

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also with those whose revolution remains at a more superficial level. There is bound to be conflict as well as cooperation between those whose ultimate aim is the humanizing of man and those who regard this end as illusory except in terms of divinizing man.

But if we say that the task to which the priest is dedicated is the proclamation of the gospel, how can we say that the priesthood of the Christian minister differs from that of any baptized Christian—and differs, according to *Lumen Gentium,* not merely in degree but in quality? Is it not every Christian's task to proclaim the gospel? The only answer, it seems to me, is in terms of *dedication*. A priest is dedicated to this task in both senses of the term —in the personal sense of being a dedicated man and in the institutional sense of having been dedicated to it by the community. You cannot lead a revolutionary movement as either a job or a hobby; you can only lead it if you are recognized as dedicated to and embodying the spirit of the revolution. It seems to me similarly appropriate that people should expect their ministers to embody the spirit of the gospel in their whole lives and not merely in the sacramental job they do. A revolutionary leader, however, is not simply a charismatic figure. He cannot rely simply on the enthusiasm he inspires as an individual. Precisely because he embodies the revolutionary spirit of the people, he speaks for them as a movement and hence exercises direction and authority in the movement. His authority resides in the spirit of the movement itself, but the criterion of his authority is his recognition by the movement as a whole.

It is in this way that we distinguish the central path of the movement from by-ways which may lead nowhere. As I see it, ordination is the recognition by the whole community of the dedication of an individual. Such recognition is a creative act of realization; that is, it is both a realization in the sense of a discovery and in the sense of an act of making real. Ordination is like baptism, or for that matter any other sacrament, in that it is a creative interpretation of a situation. All Christians are lay people but some are more lay than others, namely the clergy. This, in summary, is what I am saying. The Christian minister is dedicated (set apart) for the task of penetrating the world. The fact that the Church's task is, in a sense, a political task, should not make us see it as essentially a job for the laity, with the clergy acting as back-room boys or as the army supply corps. We should, rather, see it as a task for the Church as such, in its structures. If the bishop is a leader in the Church, it is only because he has been given the task of being a leader in the revolutionary struggle against the values and political forms of the world. Insofar as he neglects this primary task it becomes increasingly difficult to take him seriously as a merely ecclesiastical leader. This is, after all, our experience, is it not?

According to what I have called the "progressive" view, the priest is distinguished from the rest of the laity simply by having a specific sacramental task in the Church. This seems inadequate to me. The ministerial priesthood is not defined by a single set of tasks but by a *relationship* to the priesthood of all Christians. The business of the priest is to be one jump ahead of the Christian life of his age; it is his job to be constantly representing to the Christian people and to the world, the evangelical, revolutionary significance of their Christian, secular lives. It is every Christian's task to be critical and interpretative of his world; it is the ministerial task to be interpretative of the Christian life, to see through it to the gospel that it more or less adequately embodies. It is to seek out and re-present to men the Christianness of their Christianity, the evangelical character of their lives. This is what promulgation of the gospel means.

If this is so, then there is from age to age no constant activity that belongs to the priest as such. We may use some general purpose phrase like "promulgating the gospel" but what this means in terms of revealing the gospel as present, and destructively present, in this or that age, must necessarily change through history. When history seems to be moving exceptionally fast, then what it is like to be a priest will change very rapidly, much more rapidly for example, than what it is like to be a teacher or a father. Hence, the bafflement of young people looking at the priesthood.

I have said relatively little about the way the Church measures up or fails to measure up to its mission. Yet, it seems to me, it is here that the "credibility" of the Church is to be judged, not according to whether it is a community in which we can begin to satisfy our personal need for human warmth and kindness and decent personal relations, but according to whether it is an effective force in the revolutionalizing of the world. Someone might complain, "But this is to set the Church too hard a test. Looking at its history you could hardly claim that it has ever been in the forefront of the revolution. Isn't it enough for it not to impede the revolution too much and meanwhile to carry on its private task of exploring religious questions and propagating kindness?" No it is not enough. Such a Church would not be worth belonging to. The Church stands or falls by its revolutionary character; and despite all that may be said against it, despite the constant betrayal of its mission by its leaders, despite the competing claims of other movements which may look revolutionary for the moment but which will inevitably become conservative in the next generation, my personal view is that there is nowhere else to go.

The first sign of real recovery of Christianity will be the hostility of the world. "I passed your word on to them and the world hated them." If the world, the powers of the establishment, does not hate the Church, her ministers and her people, it is because we have successfully concealed from the world the character of the word that has been passed on to us.

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The British electorate is losing control of Parliament

THE BUREAUCRATIC CRUSH

JO GRIMOND

The British parliamentary system was originally a check on a non-elected executive. The House of Commons considered government decisions after they had been taken. Its essential task was to criticize and obstruct, particularly by refusing finance. This system was modified in the nineteenth century by the growth of mass politics and the party system. The party system itself grew out of the methods of production and the organization of society in the nineteenth century. It had great advantages. It enabled a dialogue to take place between two or three parties which expressed to some extent the views and interests of the main blocs of the population. This gave reality to representative government. In a real sense Liberals or Conservatives in the nineteenth century could feel that their general attitude was expressed by their representatives in Parliament. To an even greater extent perhaps the Labor Party in its early days shared an all embracing approach to politics and a common interest. The system extended the range of democracy by allowing for discussion within the party and for the increasing need to fill more government posts from the Commons. It provided a base of support for the government and an organized opposition. It was a splendid system. But it was a nineteenth-century system dependent on the situation in the nineteenth century. It was firmly grafted onto the earlier type of parliamentary government. The Commons still took no part in decision making. The M.P. required no secretary, office or place to sit. For he still only needed to turn up when his constituents were aggrieved. His job was to state their grievances in simple terms, straight from the heart, and tell the Government to think again. He was not paid or equipped to do their thinking for them.

Now this situation is disappearing. The methods of production have changed. The class system has changed. Above all, the working class, on which late nineteenth-century democracy to some extent depended, has changed. The lower-paid families have become more mobile, physically and in their customs and ways of making a living. They do not stand and fight in their working-class districts or industrial towns. They move. Their sons migrate from Manchester to Orpington, to Toronto, to Los Angeles. They no longer cherish customs and values of their own. They acquire middle-class standards of living. So, the infantry of the Left are no longer so numerous or so solid in their support of a progressive party. No longer do large blocs of the population share a similar ideology, fairly sharply differentiated from other blocs. At the same time the scope of government has been greatly extended. It is now involved in all sorts of managerial tasks, such as running the Welfare Services or the Railways, to which ideology has little relevance and for which Parliament is poorly equipped.

The parties are still strong. They dispense more and more patronage when in office. The British are at present profoundly conservative and find it difficult to think of politics except in terms of the British system, including parties. But the dialogue is no longer between the parties except in so far as it is a mere appendage of a struggle for office. There has never existed a wholly coherent party view in any party, but now views are becoming more and more incoherent. On every major issue since the war, on the Common Market and Defense, on economic policy and Rhodesia, the Conservative and Labor Parties have been split. But what is less appreciated and equally damaging, they have failed as political vehicles. The only justification for the British system as a positive democratic system is that it gave everyone the chance to join through the parties in constructing the platform and choosing the champions of their party. The representative form of democracy which we in Britain claim to practice depends on the possibility of choosing someone who can make some claim to represent the individual voter. If this claim cannot be sustained, then at best all we can fall back on is the eighteenth-century hope that the House of Commons will occasionally revolt against the government.

But the representatives of the parties in the House of Commons cannot claim to be representative of the people. For one reason, many are still nominated by an unrepresentative caucus within the party. Hamilton, for instance, was a rotten borough where the Scottish Miners Union had a feudal right to nominate the Labor candidate. This would have been bad enough had there been any coal mines in Hamilton; in fact they have been closed long ago. In a spirit which would have been considered laughably reactionary in 1780, the Miners Union still holds the nomination. Further, Labor voters have no chance of electing a representative in safe Tory seats or Tories in safe Labor. Even the majority party in a con-

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stituency may be out of sympathy with their Member on many subjects. The majority or the Member may radically change their views before the next election as has manifestly happened. Again, in theory this gap between party members and party representatives or between voters of the minority and the majority Member might be closed through the party structure. In theory, a party member could go off to the annual conference and influence policy. In practice, the policies in office of the Labor Party have borne no resemblance to the resolutions of their conferences on the policy on which they fought the election.

Thus, at the very time when the impact of government is greater and greater upon their lives, the British people are losing their ability to control it. They have not through their M.P.s even the residual eighteenth-century right to stop the government—for the House of Commons is now largely its creature.

A Propitious Moment

It is high time, therefore, that we took a fresh look at our system. And it is a particularly propitious moment for doing it. For until recently we had been indoctrinated with certain beliefs, first that our system was handed down like the Ten Commandments, unalterable except in detail, unparalleled in excellence, and secondly, that if changes were to come about they could only be achieved by a slow, impersonal process determined by technological and economic necessity. This defeatism coupled to the unsuitability of our system to offer adequate channels for democratic participation has left more and more power in the bureaucracy which has swollen enormously in the last few years. The House of Commons still operates on the assumptions of the eighteenth century but now under control of party machines which themselves are shorn of their nineteenth century base and over which its electorate has lost control. This is indeed becoming obvious. What is not so widely appreciated is that paradoxical as it may seem, the loss of strength in the Commons has weakened the government. For governments which are fortified by a clear sense of political direction, and are buoyed up by a solid measure of Commons support approving of this direction, have a better chance of keeping a course and dominating the bureaucracy. The present Labor Government has been continually blown off course. It has continually surrendered to bureaucratic pressures. Indeed it is a bureaucratic government which rather than take a clear line of its own swells the ranks of its ministries, appoints committees, commissions and boards and provokes a bureaucratic attitude in industry, the unions and life in general. It has constantly abandoned its election policies without the Labor Party being able to hold it to its promises.

The climate of politics has been one of determinism. The political commentators seldom discuss the rightness or wrongness of policies. They never discuss value judgments or basic political questions. They treat politics as a horse-race in which their job is to find the winner. Opinion polls are carefully analyzed as guides to form, elaborate research is done on sociological sub-climates. Meanwhile, it is tacitly assumed that the framework of the system cannot be altered. That it is out of date does not matter in the view of the conventionally wise, because in any case our way ahead will be determined in bureaucratic secrecy in accordance with the iron laws of technology and finance. No wonder that there is alienation.

Now, however, a change is perceptible. Five years ago people generally assumed that our institutions could deal with our problems. This was a feature of the "Gaitskell" era in Great Britain and even more so of the "Kennedy" era in the U.S.A. This confidence in our institutions no longer exists. No longer is it simply a question of getting the right people into the White House or Downing Street. A change of party is seen in this country simply as a method of protest, not an affirmation of confidence in a different set of steersmen at the controls. The machine itself is suspect.

Next there is the creeping realization that the orthodox, the superior, the complacent "experts" are nearly always wrong on all major issues. They have been since at least 1929, when the leaders of the Labor and Conservative parties, the heads of the Civil Service and the chief newspapers ganged up against Lord Keynes and the perfectly feasible Liberal proposals for curing unemployment. The same sort of coalition went into action against Churchill before the war on appeasement: it ridiculed Liberal proposals to go into the Common Market when we could have got in and then became wildly enthusiastic and optimistic about getting in when a two-day visit to France should have been enough to convince anyone that we could not get in. The only people apparently left without any contingency plan when devaluation took place were the Government and the Treasury. After endless gestation, a Royal Commission has just ponderously suggested a few reforms of the Trades Unions—the most important of which they could have discovered five years ago by a threepenny telephone call to Liberal Headquarters or most sensible experts on industrial relations. As for the commentators, they are nearly always wrong. Six months ago they were assuring everyone that the two men completely in control were Presidents Johnson and De Gaulle. They have never come to terms with either McCarthy or the Students.

And finally, the whole facade of the superior, determinist, paternal orthodoxy has been shown to have nothing behind it. The French Government virtually abdicated for three days. Some universities have no idea whether to join or oppose the students.

So far we have no McCarthy. But we may have a McCarthy situation, Scottish and Welsh nationalism having attracted much of the justified protest against a dead, in-

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efficient, shaken political system which more and more appears to be run by people without confidence or a long term strategy simply trying to go where science and bureaucracy take them so long as they can hold office. Representative government will have to be reconsidered. Direct democracy by mass meeting will not do, but there has to be a lot more democracy—for the sake of efficiency as much as for freedom. People have to be given a chance to take a more continuous part in running those activities in which they are interested. Democracy has got to be injected into the decision-making process much earlier. And the public and their representatives need access to far more information and to the means by which they can use it. I would like to see a "Rand Corporation" serving the Members of Parliament and the public—not the government.

Can we achieve this without war or revolution? The chance may come if Scotland gets self-government. Then the whole set-up has to be reconsidered. Since Scotland has the unique advantage among sophisticated Western Countries of being free from the organizational fetters of the nineteenth century, she should shake free too from the thinking that goes with this out-of-date carapace. She could devise her own democracy. It is a chance. It gives a chance to England, too. I don't say it will be taken. I hope it will.

Soviet Politics

ZIG-ZAGS AND CLASHES

JAMES CRITCHLOW

Soviet tanks have again demonstrated, as they did in 1956 in Hungary, that a viable liberalization of Eastern Europe must wait upon matching evolution in the USSR itself. Nor can East-West détente be stable as long as neo-Stalinist hawks in the Politburo are able to outvote their opposition. The future of Eastern Europe, and of the world, depends on-behind-the-scenes confrontations now taking place in the Soviet Union.

Since Stalin's death in 1953, the zig-zag course of Soviet politics has been marked at every step of the way by clashes between liberal reformers and conservative defenders of the status quo. The latest crisis began two years ago with the arrest of the writers Sinyavsky and Daniel, followed by their trial and imprisonment. Protests against their sentences have led to still other arrests, as well as firings and expulsions from the Party. As the crackdown has intensified, so has resistance to it, with some of the country's most prominent intellectuals lending their names. Ironically, the move against Czechoslovakia, with all of its reactionary implications, was preceded only two months earlier by the biggest gun yet fired by the liberals. The gunner was nuclear physicist Andrey Dmitriyevich Sakharov, and his ammunition was a lengthy and iconoclastic memorandum calling for freedom at home and cooperation abroad.

In prestige, if not in power, the 47-year-old Sakharov (elected a full member of the Academy of Sciences at the unprecedented age of 32) occupies a commanding position in the Soviet scientific establishment. Although much of his work has been shrouded in secrecy, he is said to outshine in the eyes of his colleagues Mstislav Keldysh, the nominal head of the Academy. Sakharov's plea for international understanding, which reached the West shortly after it began to circulate in manuscript form, is an offer of genuine East-West partnership, a plan aimed at eradicating the world's major ills by the year 2000. *It marks the first time that a high-ranking Soviet citizen has extended the hand of friendship publicly without the competitive "we'll bury you" formulas of Marxism-Leninism.*

Sakharov views the future through two prisms, one of fear and the other of hope. He writes of nuclear dangers with an insider's dreadful certainty: the tremendous destructive force of modern warheads (enough to kill one million urban residents in a single explosion), their relative cheapness and the futility of defense against them. Even current stockpiles, he notes, are enough to destroy mankind several times over. Against this threat he finds preposterous the great powers' prevailing method of conducting international relations, which he calls "competitive advantage." He deplores the present state of affairs in Viet Nam and the Middle East, blaming now the United States, now his own country. To save the world from nuclear disaster, he asks both superpowers to adhere to a four-point program: (1) recognition of self-determination for all peoples and human rights for all individuals, under international control with United Nations armed force; (2) use of military and economic means to export revolution and counter-revolution to be declared illegal; (3) mutual help to eliminate economic and social difficulties which breed world conflicts; and (4) each country to renounce exploitation of other countries' problems as a means of expanding its own sphere of influence.

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Once the nuclear danger is removed, Sakharov writes, the nations must work together to overcome hunger and overpopulation. Toward this end, he calls for a 15-year, 20 percent tax on national income of the more affluent countries, much of it to be derived from reduction in armament expenditures.

Sakharov, like other scientists, recognizes the need for urgent action to curb pollution and conserve natural resources: "Otherwise the USSR will poison the US with its waste, and the US will poison the USSR with its. At the moment this is hyperbole, but if the quantity of waste increases annually by 10%, the over-all increase in 100 years will be 20,000-fold."

A further threat of our age is that of police dictatorships which thrive on racism and anti-intellectualism. Sakharov lists "the regimes of Stalin, Hitler and Mao Tse-tung, and also a number of very reactionary regimes in smaller countries (Spain, Portugal, the Union of South Africa, Greece, Albania, Haiti and some Latin-American countries)."

The fifth major ill seen by Sakharov is the trampling of intellectual liberty, not only from the obvious causes of war, poverty and dictatorial terror but also from more insidious dangers: "stupefactions" of man by mass culture, excessive standardization of education, and new biochemical and electronic techniques of controlling human behavior.

The Crime of Self-Expression

Of all the enemies of intellectual freedom, the most obsessive for Sakharov is censorship. If he is impartially critical of both US and USSR in the foreign-policy area, it is his own country that he takes principally to task here, demanding abolition of Soviet censorship and amnesty of those, like Sinyavsky and Daniel, imprisoned for the crime of self-expression. What the world needs, in Sakharov's blueprint, is unfettered exchange of information (and tourists) across national boundaries. Echoing the Czechoslovak "action program" of last April, he calls also for freeing of sociological, political and economic surveys from government control and allowing them to investigate "disagreeable" topics.

Sakharov's appeal was first printed last July by the *New York Times*, where it occupied nearly three full pages of newsprint. Within a month Moscow's official *Izvestiya* launched a lengthy denunciation—without referring specifically to Sakharov or his work. The Soviet newspaper singled out for special refutation the scientist's heretical view that there is no fundamental distinction between the social structures of the US and USSR, thus making it possible for the two systems to "converge" rather easily. He had also departed from Marxist-Leninist orthodoxy by saying that discrimination against black people in the United States is a psychological rather than a class problem. Even more *outré* from the doctrinaire standpoint is his theory that, whatever the inequalities of the American economy, the share of millionaires in overall consumption is so small that revolution, given its cost, would profit no one. This remarkable document concludes with a detailed schematic for the future, a four-stage plan for cooperation to be completed by 2000.

Showing through these proposals is the fact that the author is a natural scientist, not a political writer. There is much in his message that lacks sophistication and much that is awkwardly put, but he leaves the door open for further development of his ideas. It is also clear (thanks in part to *Izvestiya's* repudiation) that he is not speaking for his government, that in fact his aim is the demise of that government in its present form. Sakharov's value is that he does appear to represent a significant part of the Soviet intelligentsia, especially the scientific community whose power and influence—derived from its indispensable role in the economy and the defense establishment—are enormous. If the Soviet Union ever assumes a truly moderate posture in the world community, it will be precisely this group which will be the prime-mover.

The gesture by Sakharov raises colossal hope—and gloomy misgivings. For the first time ever, a person high in the Soviet power structure has defied his regime to reach out to the West without ulterior motive. His memo is the starting-point of a potential dialogue for peace and progress which can be free of ideological strictures. Yet, tragically, in the weeks following publication not a single major figure in the West so much as acknowledged it publicly. (On a trip abroad a scientific colleague of Sakharov's revealed the dashed hopes which this neglect had caused among Soviet intellectuals, saying they had expected that at the very least the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain would devote press conferences to the overture.)

Just as the failure of this initiative brought discouragement to Soviet liberals and doves, it must have emboldened the hardliners. Perhaps it is too much to suggest that the Western brush-off contributed to the realignment of forces within the Kremlin which led to deployment of Soviet armor in Eastern Europe, but even that is not inconceivable. One wonders how deep today may be Sakharov's disillusion with Western society. There is a reminder here, although the parallel is not exact, of those World War II German generals who sought to make peace independently with the Allies, only to be driven to continued loyalty to Hitler by the insistence on "unconditional surrender" of their troops. In the present case, indifference has replaced intransigence.

To dismiss Sakharov's message because it consists only of words is to misunderstand the nature of Soviet totalitarianism, which regards words as its greatest menace. It is no accident that a major Kremlin objective in Czechoslovakia has been reimposition of censorship on the free-wheeling press. To quote from the writer Lidia Chukovskeya: "Words are being subjected to repression as if to confirm Leo Tolstoy's favorite maxim, the ancient one that 'Words are action.' Certainly words are action, and crush-

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ing action at that, if they are paid for by years in camp or prison."

If Sakharov's plan were merely a chance to prevent future Hungaries and Czechoslovakias, as well as World War III, that should surely guarantee its attraction for the West. In fact, it is much more than that. It is a major and unfettered step from the other side toward easing the economic and psychological burdens of the continuing Cold War, the greatest obstacle to our own domestic progress.

Perhaps, in time, Sakharov will have his response.

LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL

MUSIC

A summer festival in Lincoln Center—excellent idea! And Festival '68 was often festive behind the tacky-old-dowager facade of the Met, where American Ballet Theatre and the Rome Opera held forth, but it was "Ordeal '68" in Philharmonic Hall. Someone—a committee, surely—decided to salute the Koussevitzky Music Foundation by limiting most Festival concerts by American ensembles to works the Foundation had commissioned from 1942 through 1967. This was just the period when composition became almost wholly a matter of moonlighting by university professors—of calculus all too often. They believe music can be either any noise they care to make or one dictated by a computer. Koussevitzky money, which once went to Bartók, now comes their way.

The Philharmonic's obligatory program of Koussevitzky produce showed composition changing all too audibly from the spaciousness of an art to the cramped tinkering of a hobby; it moved from Copland's Third Symphony (1946), which tries to do too much with too little but at least rings with Copland's very own sound, through Bernstein's 1954 Serenade "After Plato's *Symposium*" right down to the mingy avant-garde carpentry of Gunther Schuller's 1967 Concerto for Doublebass and Chamber Orchestra, which offered nothing but the sight of soloist Gary Karr mugging his instrument. Since Schuller had gone stumbling down that dead-end trail blazed by Webern, he also lost his chamber orchestra in atonal smog from which it emitted radar-like *bleeps*. What Schuller has in mind can only be Jonathan Winters imitating Dr. Frankenstein's lab. Each composer conducted his own work, so Copland won all honors. The Philharmonic did a limber, dazzling Third!

The other concert demonstrated the collapse of chamber music. The "Festival '68 Chamber Ensemble," an ever-restless group, kept re-grouping itself into the most pitifully weird little ensembles imaginable: soprano, four cellos & harp; soprano, doublebrass & vibraphone—I would have thought a Koussevitzky chamber-music commission encouraged a composer to court rejection if the "Ensemble" hadn't fled the stage completely, at one point, and left it to the good old Lenox String Quartet (two violins, viola & cello) for a performance of the late Irving Fine's 1952 String Quartet. Alas, it sounded drab as well as traditional. Everything else sounded like squiggling or piteous mewling, even with loudspeakers to give every knock a boost. The loudspeakers also crepitated shyly with feedback at odd moments, of which there were many. I left during the last event, the world premiere of "Syzygy" (soprano, horn, chamber ensemble & double set of tubular chimes) when it seemed our amplified soprano would never stop jabbing fox terrier barks into a Joyce text. "Night's sindark nave" came out "ARK arkark *ark!*" I think it was written by a seismograph.

As an alien ensemble, the fine English Chamber Orchestra was spared any agonizing over Koussevitzky errors, but it had its own cross to bear in the person of the young pianist-turned-conductor, Daniel Barenboim, who led all four Festival concerts. His talent is undeniable but his achievements are moot. He lets phrases sag and go mushy, snags the line on insignificant detail, and dwells, lovingly, on dulcet inner voices at the expense of all else. If anything, his podium antics look sillier than Bernstein's, for he's a rather chunky lad with short little arms. He conducted parts of Bartók's Divertimento for String Orchestra and Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante with his elbow, and during Beethoven's Second Piano Concerto I still heard similarly fussy stuff—to a more marked degree in his piano playing, where romantic mannerism doubles as eloquence. Violinist Emanuel Hurwitz, in the Mozart, displayed artistry. Egoism, not artistry, is the little motor that drives Barenboim, and gall is its fuel.

There was a lot of festivity at the Met whenever American Ballet Theatre let Carla Fracci and Erik Bruhn cut loose during its three-week stay. I found less to cheer about in the company's new production of *Giselle*. David Blair's re-staging was dramatic and clean-lined, but Oliver Smith's settings, particularly in Act I, had a faded tackiness that suggested a bad print of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. *Giselle* is, of course, just the kind of dear old classic one can sneer at right up until the time the curtain rises on great dancing. Fracci was the sweetest, most ethereal little dynamo imaginable and Bruhn etched his every leap and gesture in an aristocratic line. The season showed that Ballet Theatre continues to encourage promising young choreographers (Eliot Feld, Michael Smuin) and to employ fine dancers. But I still find its Blair-Smith *Swan Lake* underwhelming. And why let the steely Serrano and the plebeian Fernandez do *Giselle?* And why this new *Giselle?* Yes, it was a typical Ballet Theatre season: hope and joy, laced with outrage.

The Rome Opera's two-week visit offered two novelties —Rossini's *Otello,* Verdi's very early *I due Foscari*—and one work I can never get enough of, Mozart's *Le Nozze*

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di Figaro. The two novelties were welcome, I guess, but I don't really care to hear either ever again. They were products of that era of stultifying naiveté when an Italian composer must have been excommunicated if he chose a coherent libretto and set it to dramatically viable music. In both, we had characters trooping by the score through boudoirs, dungeons, or ducal chambers to either harangue or console but more often just to sing to an incongruous rum-tum accompaniment. A knowledge of Shakespeare was no help when Rossini was writing dramatic nonsense in a Spencerian vocal line—not that the valiant Rome cast could trace *that* any too well (Plinio Clabassi and Virginia Zeani did better in less ornate passages). A knowledge of Italian was a definite hindrance in understanding *Foscari,* nor did Luisa Maragliano clear up confusion by sounding like a different soprano every time she burst upon us. If this is singing in Rome, I must find a substitute for "provincial." Conducting was merely serviceable for both. Acting was a graceful gesture awkwardly done. A stark unit set made considerable impact in Act I of *Foscari* but couldn't go the distance, unlike Giorgio de Chirico's handsome settings, after Tintoretto, that did wonders for *Otello*.

Figaro, conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini and produced by Luchino Visconti, was something of a sensation for all its veering from the felicitous to the facile. Visconti and co-designer Filippo Sanjust gave the opera "Mediterranean flavor" with settings of hot blue sky, cool plaster, filtered sunlight, and high beam-braced ceilings, yet these proved as airily handsome in Acts I and III as they proved merely cluttered in Acts II and IV. Visconti certainly had most of his cast *acting,* but his quicksilvery staging had more incidentals (like that "Mediterranean flavor") than essentials. *Figaro* is, after all, a universal comedy of love at all ages. Act IV, with its frenzied trysting and sublime reconciliation, cannot be merely lambent Latin busy-ness—and certainly not in a Bomarzo-style sculpture garden! And the difficult role of Cherubino was abominably cast. But Act III was superbly staged!

Giulini's magnificent conducting, aside from a few ragged ensembles, left nothing to be desired but a more silken vocalism within the lines it traced with such deftness. Only Graziella Sciutti, a deliciously feisty little Susanna, had the Mozartian blend of musical grace and stage-sense—and even she ran into vocal trouble when I heard her. Ah, but the orchestra sang out for Mozart! Truly he tapped the artesian wells of euphony here and shamed the big-band sound of the 19th century, yet the music always gushed forth as wit, verve and palpable humanity at the drama's service. Giulini had so many details so finely balanced I felt as if I were reading Mozart's mind as he read the score.

I do hope Lincoln Center will build future Festivals around great performers—like Fracci, Bruhn and Giulini (not Barenboim!)—instead of around the misery of some technocrat or winsome, improvising phony doing his thing. Possibly those who pass for composers today will be avoiding Lincoln Center altogether soon, now that the *Zeitgeist* or something has led them to places like the Electric Circus. As long as there are great performers to bring great creations back to life, why bother with those who haven't begun to exist as artists? Concentrate on performers, Lincoln Center. And apply to the Koussevitzky people if you need cash. They'll back anything.

HARRIS GREEN

LOOK BACK IN BOREDOM

THE SCREEN

Except for a couple of two-a-days ("2001" and "War and Peace") and a few exceptional films ("Nazarin," "Petulia" and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter") this summer has been rather slim pickings in the movie field. But we do have the fall to look forward to; coming up and worthy of attention are: Christopher Plummer as "Oedipus the King," Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet," and *producer-director* Paul Newman's "Rachel, Rachel." I'm sure you can hardly wait, but in the meantime, here are a few notes on summer pictures that may still be around. You don't have to hurry to any of them.

"The Strange Affair" is for those who liked "The Detective," with another story about the policeman's lot and corruption and sensationalism. London, this time—where the police have just as bad a time as in New York or any U.S. city. Michael York, who was so good as the attractive blueblood in "The Accident," plays a young bobbie; and right at the beginning of the movie he is charged with conspiring to pervert the course of justice and with corrupting public morals. Then a long, complicated flashback shows how this seemingly nice kid happened to be so charged. Also on the force is a detective sergeant (Jeremy Kemp), who has an obsession about ex-policemen and he's determined to catch and convict one ex-cop and his two sons who deal in drugs. In the meantime, Peter Strange (York), who's learning the ropes, arrests a wacky young girl (Susan George) who makes a play for the good-looking young cop, dates him, and one night takes him home and up to an elaborate bedroom where the couple has a wild night of sex, all of which is being photographed from the floor above by the girl's aunt and uncle. Well, that neurotic detective sergeant gets hold of those pornographic films and blackmails our young hero into planting drugs on that ex-cop, so the detective can get the goods on him. At the trial, the detective breaks down and tells all. The crook and his two sons go free and our stupid young cop gets two years in prison. Besides which, he's got holes in his cheeks made

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by the crooks with an electric drill. Wowie, is all I have to say.

"The Legend of Lylah Clare" rates a wowie, too, as it goes on and on telling a story about an unknown actress (Kim Novak) who looks so much like the late, great Lylah Clare (Kim Novak) that a producer (Milton Selzer), and a studio head (Ernest Borgnine), and a passé director (Peter Finch), who was also Lylah's husband, decide to make a movie about the late, great Lylah Clare. What you learn about Lylah isn't at all nice, and what you learn about everybody else in Hollywood is even less nice. You won't fall asleep at this picture; but you may wish you hadn't gone.

As for comedies, there really hasn't been much. George Axelrod produced, wrote and directed "The Secret Life of an American Wife," in which Anne Jackson plays a Connecticut housewife who thinks she's losing her sex appeal. When a famous movie star (Walter Matthau) is in a New York hotel, Anne phones him, pretends to be a call girl, and goes up to his room where both are pretty inept. Some of the racy dialogue is rather funny, but most of it is obvious and tasteless. The three leads (Patrick O'Neal plays Anne's husband) are good, but the whole phony thing is a waste of time and yours.

"Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?" has Patrick O'Neal married to Doris Day, who comes home from work on that night of the New York blackout to find him entertaining another woman. So she runs in anger to their country place, where Robert Morse, who has just stolen a wad of money from his firm, is sleeping on the couch with her when Patrick comes looking for his wife. Terry Thomas is involved in this big nothing too. Surely that Nov. 9, 1965 night could have offered more fun and more entertainment than this 1920 musical comedy plot! PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

The emancipation of the Jew in France: a tortuous process

The French Enlightenment and the Jews

ARTHUR HERTZBERG

Columbia Univ. Press, $12.50

RICHARD L. RUBENSTEIN

Arthur Hertzberg has written a significant work on one of the most important episodes in modern Jewish history, the emancipation of the Jews of France. Hertzberg is not an antiquarian searching the records of a dead past, as if retrieved memories were their own justification. Hertzberg is keenly aware that the period he describes has bequeathed its legacy to our times. He seeks to shed light on the ironies of contemporary European Jewish existence through a historical description of the problems involved in the emancipation of French Jews in the 18th century.

The emancipation was a tortuous process. It took over one hundred years. Toward the end of the seventeenth century, the French state welcomed foreigners who offered France economic advantage. The move was not specifically intended for Jews. Nevertheless, it provided the basis for a Jewish presence in pre-revolutionary France. Jews could be admitted to France when it was clear that they were economically useful foreigners.

One of the results of the new policy was that a group of Marannos, New Christians of Spanish and Portuguese background, who resided in the Bordeaux-Bayonne area began to reassert their Jewish identity. According to Hertzberg, the Sephardic Jews of this area were the most prosperous and acculturated French Jews before the Revolution. Although they were exposed to sporadic expressions of anti-Semitism, they received *de facto* most of the rights they aspired to even before the Revolution. When the upheaval came, their rights were confirmed legally with little debate.

The situation of the Jews of Alsace was radically different. They were the object of almost universal hatred by their gentile neighbors. Their culture was rooted in Yiddish and Hebrew. The only French they knew was the language of the market. They did not know French well until after 1789. They were largely condemned to earn their living as money lenders and provisioners for the army. In 1789 the Alsatian deputies of both the right and the left opposed Jewish emancipation. For two years proposals to emancipate Alsace's Jews failed to receive the support of a majority of the revolutionary deputies. According to Hertzberg, the emancipation finally came in 1791 because of the economic thrust of the Revolution, not because of any favorable disposition toward the Jews. The Revolution aimed to abolish the privileges of *all* hereditary groups. The new political order recognized individual status rather than group or inherited status. There was no longer any viable way of preserving a Jewish *singularité* in France such as had existed during the *ancien régime* after all other hereditary groups had been stripped of legal statues.

The legal emancipation of the Jews was further complicated by the conviction, held by Jew and gentile alike, that the existing Jewish community was ob-

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liged to reform itself radically in order to become a part of the French nation. No such internal reform was expected of the Bretons, the Basques or the people of Provence. The situations were, of course, hardly comparable. Nevertheless, no agreement was possible as to how the Jews were to transform themselves. The right and the left in France could not agree among themselves as to what constituted a good Frenchman. All of the subsequent ambiguities of French Jewish identity as they have been reflected upon by such diverse personalities as Drumont, Maurras, De Gaulle, Sartre and Raymond Aron were implicit in the original ambiguity. To this day, the question of whether a Jew can truly be a Frenchman continues to plague the Jewish community of France as well as those secularized Jews whose only connection with Judaism is ancestral.

Perhaps the most debatable aspect of Hertzberg's excellent work is his insistence that Voltaire was "the major link between the anti-Semitism of classical paganism and the modern age." Voltaire was undoubtedly the most important intellectual opponent of Jewish equality. His opposition was especially serious because of his role as *philosophe* and intellectual leader of the Enlightenment. Hertzberg demonstrates that Voltaire lifted the whole anti-Semitic issue out of the context of the age-old Judaeo-Christian conflict. Voltaire saw himself as a reborn Cicero. He portrayed the Jews as an intolerant Asiatic enemy of European civilization. His anti-Semitism was deeply racist. The Jews were, according to Voltaire, inherently incapable of participating in the new, enlightened European civilization. Some of the statements of Voltaire are chillingly close to the rhetoric of the Nazis. Hertzberg insists that modern secular anti-Semitism was fashioned *within* the Enlightenment and the Revolution rather than *as a reaction* to them. It is my opinion that this conclusion, though partially valid, is too sweeping. The anti-Semitic movement in France in the nineteenth century was largely composed of those elements which rejected the Revolution. In the very crucial case of Germany, Jewish emancipation was in the first instance enforced upon the Germans by the Napoleonic invaders. The emancipation of the Jews in Germany was compromised both by its lack of indigenous support and by the fact that it was brought about initially by foreign invaders whose dynamism originated in the Revolution. This was hardly an auspicious beginning for Jewish rights in Germany as subsequent events were to reveal. The most anti-Semitic elements in Germany were those most bitterly opposed to the Enlightenment. Nevertheless, Hertzberg's insistence that the anti-Semitism of the left was as important as the anti-Semitism of the right during the period of the Enlightenment and the Revolution is especially timely.

Hertzberg cannot be seriously faulted either on scholarship or his gift for relevance. However, there seems to be a level of sensitivity to what took place which has either escaped him or which he prefers to pass over in silence. By all of the evidence Hertzberg presents, the Jews were an alien element in France, especially in Alsace. Neither culturally nor in any other way save economic enterprise did they share a common life with the French. The advocates of the Enlightenment were trapped by their own political mythology. They were convinced intellectually that they could create a genuinely secular state in which inherited status and France's ancestral Christian roots would cease to be of legal consequence. Imbued with a rationalist disdain for religious institutions, they envisaged a nation wholly without a sacred center. As long as they were dealing with Gentile Frenchmen, it was possible to envisage such a community. The power of France's religious traditions was inextricably woven into the total fabric of French history, society and culture. No legislative act could diminish the abiding power of French Christianity. As a system of belief, French Christianity could be challenged by the skepticism of the Enlightenment, but French Christianity was far more than mere belief. Even non-believing Frenchmen were Christian in culture through their art, their sacred seasons, the very appearance of their towns and villages, their music and their literature. France could secularize itself as long as an unspoken Christian consensus was retained even among the allegedly anti-Christian intellectuals.

The myth of a fully secular community broke down when confronted with the presence of Jews. The Jew was an outsider to the French consensus. He could not become an insider by learning how to speak or write French proficiently or even elegantly. Through no fault of his own, the presence of the Jew introduced an element of cultural ambiguity into post-Revolutionary France which had no past analogue and which has yet to be solved to anyone's total satisfaction. The problem posed by the entry of the Jew into full French citizenship was to what extent a people with a non-Christian sacred center and with memories and aspirations foreign to those historically associated with France could become a fully integrated part of that nation. It is important to remember that the pragmatic adjustments of a multi-religious, multi-racial, multi-ethnic culture such as the United States were yet to come. And, who will say that the ambiguities of minority status have been solved for the Jews or a number of other minorities in the United States? It is my opinion that there is no such thing as a purely secular society, that every society has some kind of sacred consensus, and that the *appearance* of a secular community society is only possible in a primary group which unconsciously takes its sacred elements for granted.

Modern economics seems to require a secular society of contract indifferent to inherited status. Such societies run so counter to the intuitive political sensibilities of mankind that they inevitably create enormous difficulties. One of the most hideous aspects of the problem is that a society which has no *legal* way of handling *real* cultural and social distinctions may be tempted to exterminate those elements which are incapable of full incorporation. We have had one instance of this method of resolving social contradictions in the twentieth

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century. When Black Power leaders exclaim that whites aim to commit genocide against their people, there may be more than mere paranoia behind the statements in spite of their unreality. We have yet to find a way to form a single society composed of groups with diverse sacred traditions, memories and aspirations. Until we do, some men will always be tempted to resolve the problems posed by an unassimilable minority as did the Nazis.

Hertzberg observes with an aura of complaint that no one in revolutionary France argued that the existing Jewish community was the "valid heir of a distinguished tradition of its own." But how could such an argument have had any political relevance at the time?

Unless I misread Hertzberg, he faults the advocates of Jewish emancipation for not insisting upon a multi-ethnic, multi-religious France, transformed overnight into a community in which Jewish, Christian and humanist traditions were equally valid. There was no precedent at the time within Christian Europe for what an American-Jewish leader in the twentieth century seems to regard as the appropriate solution. With the best of wills, it would have been impossible to rid the question of Jewish participation in the French nation of its tragic ambiguities. Today, in the time of the global village, men everywhere are being pulled in two contradictory directions simultaneously. We are drawn by contemporary technology to minimize tribal affiliation. Simultaneously, the pull of tribal intimacy everywhere asserts itself with compelling potency. The French were not able to solve the problem of a non-tribal civilization but neither have we with our technology of instantaneous global communication. Our technology has made obsolete many of our deepest feelings of kinship. Nevertheless, these feelings are too compellingly a part of our emotional structures simply to disappear.

There is, of course, a classic Jewish analysis of what took place. That analysis would insist that the Jews were strangers to the French nation and that only in their own nation could they be at home without the complexities of identity which have plagued Jews in every nation-state since the Emancipation. Such a Jewish nation has now taken its place on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. Many of the strangers have returned home precisely because of the unsolved dilemmas which had their roots in the Emancipation and the Revolution. Others have decided that they can or must pay the enormous price required for the ambiguities of being sojourner-citizens in the nation-states of the world.

Hertzberg has given us a scholarly and well-written history of a period and of a congery of issues fraught with much subsequent tragedy. Perhaps it was too much to expect of him to see the dilemmas on both sides. Nevertheless, there was an important issue beneath the malice of those who opposed Jewish Emancipation. We have yet fully to determine how an equitable pluralism can be reconciled with the unspoken elements of the sacred which bind together the most seemingly secular communities.

My Silent War

KIM PHILBY

Grove Press, $5.95

ALAN PRYCE-JONES

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum. The tag from Lucretius fits this little book exactly. Philby began his adult life, in the early 1930's, as a Socialist. Like many of his contemporaries in England at that time, he was shocked into extremer action by the Socialist debacle of 1931. He turned Communist, and, unlike most of those in similar case, he has remained a Communist. As he states it, he had three choices: to abjure politics altogether, to adopt the position of "querulous outcast, of the Koestler-Muggeridge-Crankshaw variety, railing at the movement that had let *me* down," or to stick it out. He chose the third. "One does not look twice at an offer of enrollment in an elite force."

However, he did not rest there. Having become a full-time Soviet agent during the Spanish Civil War, he covered his activities with laudable audacity. Not only did he become accredited correspondent with the Franco forces but he rose to senior office in the British Secret Intelligence Service. The London *Times* trusted him. The *Observer* and the *Economist* trusted him. The Foreign Office trusted him. With better reason, his Soviet colleagues trusted him. He held on for some 30 years before, according to his own version, he tired of it all, and quietly slipped off to Moscow.

In this book he tells the story of those 30 years, and especially of the war decade. He describes with verve the ineptitudes he encountered on the British side and the bumbling efforts of his American opposite numbers. Of Soviet activities he barely speaks. We are to see him as a dedicated soul, assembling and imparting to his masters as much high level knowledge as he could accumulate, and brazening his way with easy wit through the complications which arose from apparently working for the other side. He affords glimpses of those who got away with less: Burgess, Maclean, Fuchs, Lonsdale. But it is mainly of himself he speaks: of himself, and of the bizarre office politics which turned too much of allied intelligence work during the war into farce.

Let us grant him his *religio*. From his father, a distinguished Arabist who converted to Islam, he may have inherited both an idealistic streak and a tendency to convertitis. On his own showing, however, he is hardly the kind of companion one would wish to spend much time with out of hours. At best a sub-Rotarian heartiness afflicts his leisure moments, at worst a cackle of good humor emerges with a yawp like that of some conventioneer late at night when the rest of the hotel is trying to sleep. Frankly, Mr. Philby is not a likable man.

It remains to be considered whether he was a dangerous one. I cannot claim high credentials in deciding this, but it happens that for some years during the war I was myself in a branch of Intelligence which gave me constant access to many of the men of whom Philby speaks as heads of departments, and also to their superiors. It was for some months my job to see that the liaison between army and army group commanders

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(naturally also the Chiefs of Staff) and Top Secret sources of Intelligence was as close as possible.

Experience taught us at any rate one thing: that information derived from agents is seldom or never of more than secondary importance. True, agents can be brave men, as the Poles alone abundantly showed. They can report train movements, they can locate ammunition dumps, they can identify (usually wrongly) units of the enemy army. What they cannot do is to rifle the plans, the orders of battle, the directives for which each side is probing. Other sources can do these things very much better, and infinitely more quickly, so that in the event the amount of harm which even the most intrepid and gifted of agents can inflict is strictly limited.

We used to watch with concern the different agencies, British and American, which had empaneled their own Philbys. A very great nuisance they were, crossing wires, cutting each other's throats, duplicating each other's efforts, reaching different conclusions on identical evidence when we already had the final answer in our possession. Times have naturally changed in the last 20 years, and I have small doubt that problems of Intelligence are now differently handled from allied practice in the war years. But I am unwilling to believe that the actual efficacy of Philby, Fuchs and the rest is much greater than that of Mata Hari.

It remains true, however, that during the period described in this book the methods employed by allied agencies to protect the secret information in their possession were implausibly lax. This was partly because, however brilliant the technicians in the back room might be, the administrators of Intelligence, whether Political or Service, were often men of second- or third-rate capacity, who had been stranded in their jobs before the war broke out. As time passed, the quality of Intelligence staffs improved out of hand, but the atmosphere of fantasy described by Philby—fantasy, at times, of Marx Brothers indecorum—rings sadly true.

At least Philby had a sense of direction, and it is important to recall that for much of the time recorded in these pages we were supposed to be marching side by side with our Russian brothers in combat. Later, he turned his attention to Turkey and to the Lebanon, having been asked to resign from the Secret Service in 1951 after Guy Burgess had fled. The ultimatum offered was not particularly harsh. He was given a lump sum in lieu of a pension, and, although his integrity was later questioned in the House of Commons, he was accorded a clean bill.

Perhaps the authorities hoped to be quietly rid of him. Perhaps they were confident that his work for Soviet Russia, however devoted, had had and was likely to have, a very small effect on history. However, the British Sunday papers thought otherwise. And in the fall of 1967 both the *Observer* and the Sunday *Times* informed the world of the hoax to which it had been so long exposed. Philby's purpose in writing this book had not necessarily involved publication. He did not, he says, wish to embarrass former colleagues; he did not wish to cause international complications. Once

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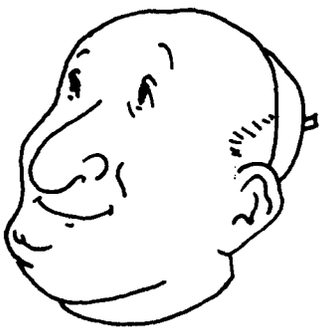
the press took up his case, however, he changed his mind. He found it expedient to correct and enlarge their interpretation of his actions.

He writes plainly and easily, but without giving away what we really want to know: what did he actually do? He seems to have had no difficulty whatever in keeping the confidence of friends and employers. True, as much could be said for an even less attractive figure, Guy Burgess. The English have a rare gift for taking people at their own valuation. Latins assume the worst about their colleagues, Americans are unnoticing, Russians capricious, Germans respectful. The English see them through a weak pink haze of benevolence. It is lucky for Philby that he was a Cambridge man spying for Russia rather than a Muscovite spying for Britain.

"POPE JOHN WAS WRONG!"



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Love and Work

REYNOLDS PRICE

Atheneum, $4.50

House Made of Dawn

N. SCOTT MOMADAY

Harper & Row, $4.95

WILLIAM JAMES SMITH

You can't judge a book by its cover. Both of these look promising, both by young—youngish—writers, both suggesting material that has not been relentlessly worked over, both by serious novelists who have found their distinctive styles. And both—not to make it worse than it is—disappointing.

Mr. Momaday's is perhaps the lesser disappointment if only because it is a first novel and we do not have previous successes to raise our expectations. *House Made of Dawn* (something broken-backed about that title to begin with) is the story of a young American-Indian war veteran who returns to the reservation after World War II and attempts to cope with the conflicts of his mixed heritage. Abel is a moody sort and gets off to a bad start by murdering a mysterious albino who seems to personify evil in Abel's befuddled brain. A subsequent attempt at coping with modern life in the Indian community of Los Angeles is almost as spectacular a failure, and he returns once more to the wide open spaces of the reservation and a mystic acceptance of his Indian-ness.

Mr. Momaday writes in a lyric vein that borrows heavily from some of the slacker rhythms of the King James Bible, with echoes of those mannerisms that Hemingway indulged to convey the manly and the sincere: "You can hear the drums a long way on the land at night and you don't know where they are until you see the fires, because the drums are all around on the land, going on and on for miles, and then come over a hill and suddenly there they are, the fires and the drums, and still they sound far away." Like the example of Mr. Momaday's style that the publishers offer on the jacket, it makes you itch for a blue pencil to knock out all the interstitial words that maintain the soporific flow. It is a style that gets in the way of the content. Mr. Momaday observes and renders accurately, but the material seems to have sunken slightly beneath the surface of the beautiful prose.

Mr. Momaday's characters, too, are all bemisted by words, although they seem interesting when they occasionally shine through. His hero does not come through at all, but the incidental characters manage to assert themselves with an intermittent vividness that suggests a much more exciting novel behind that unfortunate veil of literature in front of them.

It seems slightly un-American to criticize an American Indian's novel, but I suppose a "Southern" novelist is fair game for anyone. Actually Reynolds Price gets clear away from the regional genre in his present effort, but the results are unfortunate. And doubly unfortunate because it makes one wonder if the undeniable charm of his first two novels—more than charm, excellence—might not have been a little spurious. If this is realism that we have before us now, what went into the making of *A Long and Happy Life* and *A Generous Man*? Were those two studies of Southern adolescence really only heart-warming fakes? Is Southern romance only a dream compared to this reality?

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

REVIEWERS

RICHARD L. RUBENSTEIN is director of the B'Nai B'Rith Hillel Foundation in Pittsburgh and author of *After Auschwitz* (Bobbs-Merrill).

ALAN PRYCE-JONES, British essayist and critic, is a former editor of the London *Times Literary Supplement*.

WILLIAM JAMES SMITH is a free-lance writer.

A. V. KREBS JR. writes out of San Francisco.

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The novel was a mistake, in any event, if only because it is a mistake to trick out a short story as a novel. As a short story it might have been fine, in the grotesque-acerbic note of Flannery O'Connor. As a novel, it is long-winded and colorless. It is doubtless admirable of Mr. Price to eschew his previous appeals, the color and the earthiness of the rural South, but he should not have been satisfied with this attempt, which is half-hearted in every direction.

For one thing, the title! What a wonderful promise, *Love and Work*? Has anyone *ever* written a novel that did real justice to the role of work in our lives? The moments we give to love and the hours, days, years we give to work—surely they deserve at least equal billing in the novelist's scheme of things. But in most novels people don't work at all. The reasons are obvious, of course, but it remains a glaring deficiency, since work is the backbone of our existence from infancy to old age, predating "love" and often sailing far beyond it.

The hero of Mr. Price's novel is one Thomas Eborn and the story begins most promisingly with a little essay by Eborn on the meaning that work, his work, has in his life. The complication is equally hopeful—Eborn's wife is resentful of the importance he attaches to his work in comparison to the love that he feels for her. It is an offense that threatens her and even to an extent mystifies him, and it seems to me that Mr. Price could well have explored these possibilities to advantage. But having stated the case Mr. Price seems to have exhausted it and he goes off at a tangent, several tangents, that lead nowhere. Eborn's mother dies and he resolves to recreate his parents' lives in fiction. The long sample we are given of this attempt is a failure—perhaps a more telling one than the author intended—and meanwhile the fundamental investigation—work vs. love—play out inconclusively and the novel ends with a scene that suggests Mr. Price forgot where he began. The whole effect is loose-textured and spiritless.

One cannot easily condemn any author who abandons a vein that looks like a sure thing—Mr. Price's fey children, be they fact or fantasy—to mine a new location. It is courageous of him to try. But a failure is a failure and no writer gains in stature by good intentions. We can only hope that Mr. Price may explore his potentially rich theme again. It may be only a matter of a little more love and work.

Accessories After the Fact

SYLVIA MEAGHER

Bobbs-Merrill, $8.50

Six Seconds in Dallas

JOSIAH THOMPSON

Bernard Geis, $8.95

A. V. KREBS JR.

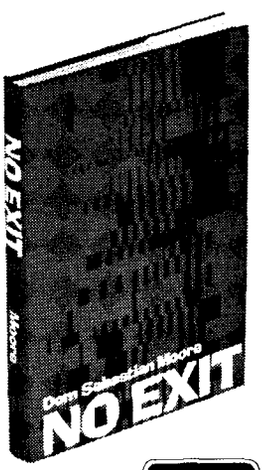
A great deal has been said about the collective guilt we all must share in the recent assassinations of prominent Americans. One suspects, however, that this breast-beating is so much rhetoric, for when it is suggested that more than one person was *actually* involved in the killings, much time and effort are expended by the government and the mass media to assure us that each of them was but the work of one deranged man.

In the case of President Kennedy's murder a prestigious commission established by executive order and headed by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was set up to reassure the world of this. The near total acceptance and defense of the findings in the Warren Commission Report by the American public has been a constant source of anger and frustration for the few individuals who have carefully studied every item hidden—in addition to all the items missing—in the Report's 26 volumes of hearings and exhibits.

Some defenders of the Report claim that this anger and frustration have caused the Warren Commission's critics to become shrill and irresponsible in their characterizing the Report as superficial, illogical and dishonest. But no one who has read Sylvia Meagher's scholarly and thoroughly researched *Accessories*

DOM SEBASTIAN MOORE

author of GOD IS A NEW LANGUAGE about which *Ave Maria* said: "Wild, wonderful, brilliant, human. Buy it in case lots!"



"manages to do what tons of dusty neo-Thomistic tomes have failed to accomplish: he removes Christ from the realm of theological abstractions and presents him as a historical figure who is, if not wholly intelligible in human terms, then at least susceptible to identification with humans in human situations. His style is that of a formidably literate and articulate, theologically sophisticated Malcolm Boyd; and his material . . . is no less revolutionary in its implications. . . . he succeeds in delighting as well as in elucidating." — *Kirkus Service* $3.95

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After the Fact will find shrillness in her 477-page book. Her conclusions faithfully reflect the evidence which the American judicial adversary system would have most likely produced had Oswald been allowed his day in court.

In 1966 Miss Meagher compiled a *Subject Index to the Warren Report and Hearings and Exhibits* (Scarecrow Press: N.Y.), the first time anyone cared to catalogue all the material contained in the Commission's 26 volumes. In *Accessories,* she effectively uses the knowledge acquired from that index to not only show where the Commission erred in its conclusions but how it twisted and distorted testimony and evidence in pursuing its single assassin theory.

Where Miss Meagher's book deals in detail with some 27 subjects before and after the assassination, Josiah Thompson chooses to concentrate solely on the six important seconds in Dealy Plaza. Using sketches of the important Abraham Zapruder film (*Life,* owner of the original print, refused Thompson permission to reproduce the individual frames), 21 other known still and motion pictures taken in the plaza, and numerous drawings and charts (all conveniently appearing alongside the relevant text), Thompson carefully and systematically shows how the Commission's "single bullet theory" is implausible, i.e., the same bullet which first hit Kennedy could not have also wounded Texas Gov. John Connally.

Once one admits that Kennedy and Connally were hit separately (because the alleged murder weapon could not possibly reload and fire again that fast), then the presence of two gunmen is inescapable and one therefore by definition has a conspiracy. Thompson, after pointing out the Commission's major errors in evaluating those six crucial seconds, shows how available evidence suggests that there were three riflemen firing at the Presidential motorcade.

The first shot, according to Thompson, came from the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository (and not necessarily fired by Oswald) missing its mark and wounding Kennedy in the back. The second bullet, striking Connally, possibly came from the roof of the Dal-Tex building situated diagonally across from the Book Depository. A third assassin ("the insurance gun") viewing the scene from behind the fence atop the grassy knoll to the right, slightly in front of the oncoming motorcade, saw Kennedy still sitting upright. He fired almost point blank just a fraction of a second after the gunman in the Book Depository, who realized he had failed in his initial shot, fired his second one. Kennedy's head for an instant began to fall forward, only to be driven back by the force of the fatal shot from the grassy knoll.

Thompson, an assistant professor of philosophy at Haverford College and a former consultant on the assassination to *Life,* is a "third generation" critic of the Warren Commission's Report. He has not only rejected many of the Report's major conclusions but has posed a tight, well-thought-out alternative.

As these two authors—Meagher and Thompson—have noted: unless those Americans in public and private life

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who revered him, those members of the press who respected him, and those members of his family who loved him demand that the investigation of John F. Kennedy's murder be reopened and the truth exposed he will have died in vain and that will certainly be the real tragedy of November 22, 1963.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 613)

those very people that Maryknoll had sent us to help, who did not now regard us as guests but as brothers. There was a conflict between the people we loved and wanted to serve and their government. We chose the people; Maryknoll opted for the government. Just as she couldn't have done anything else, neither could we.

As an American, I felt obligated to interfere in the political process of that country, because my government is interfering every day by the rape of the Guatemalan peasantry, sending all types of military aid to prop up a corrupt political system (I am tempted to exclude the person of the President—he is weak) that wouldn't last two or three years without American help. The U.S. gives minimal economic aid to camouflage its real intentions and so deceived the populace as to where its real interests lie: U.S. big business ties with the ruling class of all Latin American countries. As an American, I could have refrained from helping the revolutionary movement had my government promised to abstain from helping the exploiters, but as a Christian, I still had obligations to the exploited.

Finally, a look at what is coming. The majority of Maryknollers in Guatemala have a difficult time with Spanish, do not read the local newspapers in any detail, do not listen to any local radio stations, do not know what is happening in the country. They are caught up by their interest in Huehuetenango to such a degree that it precludes a knowledge of and an interest in, the rest of the country. Since the political murders in Huehuetenango itself so far have been few and far between, they allow themselves to think that there is no real problem. This in itself is a criticism of the fact that the Maryknollers refuse to teach the people their basic human and political rights. When they begin to do this, they will be confronted with the problem of revolution, which so far is completely academic for them, the government will execute the leaders they form and will expel the Maryknollers from the country. When they do awake, it will be far too late to keep the bloodshed down, or for them to have a purposeful role in bringing Christian principles to bear on the movement. . .

Mr. Chandler feels that the Guatemalan government could have kicked out all the Maryknollers if it had so wished. I do not believe that. This would have complicated its relationship with the U.S. government, to say nothing of its relations with its own people. But if it had, it would have been the best thing that ever happened to Maryknoll. It would have demonstrated that our 25 years of "self-sacrificing labor" isn't as valuable as we would like to think, had the people permitted such a massive withdrawal so easily. And it would have demonstrated from now to eternity to the Guatemalan people and to the world, on whose side Maryknoll takes its stand. Maryknoll has suffered much in this country for its stand. It is going to suffer far, far more in the years to come in Guatemala itself, as the people begin to realize that Maryknoll is always prepared to take the side of the government in its conflict with and exploitation of the people. . . .

THOMAS R. MELVILLE

A Pox on Both Your Houses

Emerson, N.J.

To the Editors: . . . The Communist bureaucrats who are destroying Czechoslovakian freedoms are cut out of the same cloth as the Roman Catholic bishops—read bureaucrats—who all but unanimously support the Pope's nonsensical views on birth control. You cannot reason with Communist or Roman Catholic bureaucrats. . . .

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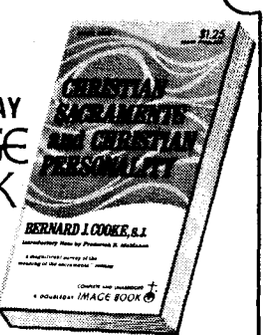

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Karl Rahner

Karl Rahner is perhaps the most illustrious and prolific of the theologians now working in the Church. His books—which Herder and Herder has been publishing for the past ten years—comprise a body of theological literature unequalled in range and brilliance and touching upon almost every subject of concern both to the ordinary Christian and to the professional theologian. Each work, from his profoundly insightful meditations and homilies to **SACRAMENTUM MUNDI**, the new six volume encyclopedia of theology which he edited and which constitutes a Rahnerian *summa*, bears witness to his genius and humanity.

At the center of any viable theology is a metaphysics; so it was for Augustine, for Aquinas, for Blondel. And so it is for Karl Rahner. **SPIRIT IN THE WORLD** ($9.50), already a classic on the continent, is Rahner's metaphysic—here translated for the first time, with a foreword by Johannes B. Metz. The subject of the book—how human knowing can be spirit in the world—is examined in the light of the philosophy of St. Thomas. Rahner proceeds to re create philosophically the context out of which Aquinas built his theory of intellectual knowledge and man as the mid-point between spirit and world—a theory which is also at the center of the Rahnerian theological achievement.

A definitive summary of Rahner's theory of knowledge applied to his philosophy of religion is provided in the long-awaited English edition of **HEARERS OF THE WORD** ($5.95) to be published in January 1969. This work of fundamental theological anthropology is Father Rahner's classic study of man in terms of his biblical definition—hearer of the word. Together, **SPIRIT IN THE WORLD** and **HEARERS OF THE WORD** represent the cornerstone of Rahner's theological and philosophical thought.

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The **THEOLOGICAL DICTIONARY** (cloth $6.50, paper $3.95), on which Rahner collaborated with Herbert Vorgrimler, constitutes "a little Rahnerian *summa*" *(Gregory Baum)*. "What is most valuable about this work is the unique ability of Rahner to integrate traditional theological concepts with present-day thought forms, and at the same time interject his own revealing insights..." *(Choice)*. "It is excellent" *(Library Journal)*.

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For several years Karl Rahner has edited and contributed to the highly regarded *Quaestiones Disputatae* series. **INQUIRIES** ($8.00) is a collection of the major essays which Rahner wrote for the series: "Inspiration in the Bible," "The Church and the Sacraments," "The Episcopate and the Primacy," "Visions and Prophecies," and "On Heresy." "The importance of these essays can scarcely be overestimated. They are notable not only for the versatile and subtle excellence of the author's learning but for their relevance to the developments in doctrine which have resulted from Vatican II" *(Christian Century)*. Also among Rahners contributions to *Quaestiones Disputatae are* **ON THE THEOLOGY OF DEATH** ($2.25), **THE DYNAMIC ELEMENT IN THE CHURCH** ($2.75), **THE CHRISTIAN OF THE FUTURE** ($2.25), and **HOMINISATION** ($1.95).

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